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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1860.

## REVIEWS.

ETHICA; OR, CHARACTERISTICS OF  
MEN, MANNERS, AND BOOKS.\*

MR. WINDSOR has given his book, we think, a somewhat over-ambitious title. It is always foolish to draw too much attention to this particular feature, lest the after incongruity between promise and performance should dwell unpleasantly in a reader's mind. An innkeeper, who is alarmingly anxious to rivet our attention to the red or yellow seal on a bottle of Hoeck or Lafitte, provokes mistrust in minds who have rubbed off the early freshnesses and credulities of youth. On the present occasion, we are bound to say that the wine is of a very fair vintage; its flavour is good and palatable, if not of the very first rank. We could be always sufficiently well content with a bottle from the same bin.

Our reason for thinking that the title of Mr. Windsor's book is, if anything, a little too high-sounding for its actual contents, is drawn from the fact that three out of the seven chapters, which make up the whole, are reprints, with some alterations, of articles which appeared in the "British Quarterly Review," while the remaining chapters deal with men and books which have been frequently, and often successfully, reviewed by recent writers. For instance, chapter VI., which professes to treat of Goldsmith in connection with the history of prose fiction in England, touches but very superficially on the more important topic, but is very diffuse on the characteristic failings and oddities of Goldsmith. These, as everybody knows, have been analysed and discussed *usque ad nauseam* already, and it is no disrespect to Mr. Windsor to say that he is not so happy in his treatment of them as Lord Macaulay, whose steps he so frequently follows. In the same chapter everybody will recognise an old sketch, worked up from a well-known paper of the same writer's—that, namely, which traces the dreary track—trod with so many tears and struggles, by Savage, Johnson, Goldsmith—which led from the saloons of patronage to the pure and open air of public favour. The whole chapter, in a word, is pleasant, but superficial, and might have been written from a very slight acquaintance with Goldsmith's own writings, supported by tolerable familiarity with Boswell, Washington Irving, and Lord Macaulay's Essays. In the chapter which discusses the characteristics of modern and ancient oratory, we were not unfrequently reminded of various passages in some of the recently collected essays of Lord Macaulay—those, namely, which discuss the ancient and modern aspects of history and oratory. We do not say that Mr. Windsor has borrowed from Lord Macaulay, or that he is not a very well-read man and an agreeable writer; but it is his misfortune continually to tread in the footsteps of abler men, and, in spite of every disposition to be charitable, a cynical inclination to the odiousness of comparison haunts the critic when the footstep which follows and deform arrest his gaze.

The second chapter, which treats of the politics, prose writings, and biographers of Milton, is the most interesting in the volume. Several questions, political and literary, strike us as very successfully handled. The tendency of politics in England, to an association with religion, is traced, from the Reformation downwards, to the re-action against ecclesiasticism, as exhibited, now nearly a quarter of a century

ago, before a generation which was witnessing the introduction of railroads, in Mr Gladstone's treatise on Church and State. The following lively passage happily disposes of that commonplace of Romanists—not confined, by any means, to ostensible and avowed Romanists—which sees in the Reformation nothing but the unmitigated triumph of tyranny:—

"Thus the coalition of political and religious supremacy, at the hands of Henry the Eighth, was at first prejudicial to liberty. It put on laws and restrictions which it cost a century of bloodshed to cancel and remove. Theologically, however, it was favourable to liberty. It aggravated, no doubt, the means of oppression, but it stimulated the motives to resistance. It created a new principle of resistance, as it created a novel pretext for oppression. The evil and the panacea, the disease and the remedy, the means of action and the means of counteraction, were begotten together. Astheology entered into the composition of the tyranny, so it entered, too, into the composition of that re-actionary power by which the tyranny fell. The cry of 'No Bishop, no King; no King, no Bishop,' while it well typified the Erastian ceremony by which the Church was wedded to the State, suggested the means of defence as well as the elements of aggression. Hitherto the Church had stood in somewhat antagonistic relation to the State. It obeyed another supremacy; it looked for other patronage. It had its own order, impatient of the honours of secular ordination; and it had its own territorial patrimony, jealously impervious to secular encroachment. It had been, above all, its own legislator in matters of faith; and, whether its legislation was popular or unpopular, it alone bore the consequences, as it alone claimed the responsibility. This responsibility, with these consequences, the Act of Supremacy transferred to the Crown. Thus the monarch, by doubling his power, had doubled his liability. He made the prerogative weaker when he was extending the bounds of the prerogative. He decreased its strength as he increased its accountability. If the Star Chamber had wounded the Crown through the side of the heretic, the popular chambers of rhetoric wounded the sovereign through the side of the prelate. Persecution soon changed the religious recusant into the political recusant. Questions of discipline grew into questions of politics. Controversies about pluralities and non-residence, missals and antiphonals, square caps and tippets, were naturally exchanged for controversies about the right of magistrates to enforce, *et cetera*, oaths, confessions, and imprisonments."—Pp. 60, 61.

The most critical portion of the essay is entertaining and discursive, if not profound. The distinguishing characteristics of the several styles of Milton, Burke, and Johnson, are happily compared. The chief fault we have to find with the author is his immense weakness for digression. In the compass of a very short essay, we have Southey and Mr. Buckle dragged in, where, to say the least, they were not wanted, and are decidedly in the way. But we forgive him for the sake of his hearty love and loyalty to our great poet. There are new ways of admiring Milton—one is the genuine unmixed admiration of those who have gone with him into the palaces of the fallen dominions to listen to the burning indignation or subtle scheme—who have caught from afar the songs of the cherubim—who have loved the man who, fallen on evil days, abated not one jot of hope or heart, but still steered right onward—who look up to him,

"Whose soul was a star and dwelt apart," as to one of the pilot stars of their life. The other admiration is happily contrived so as to reconcile the conflicting claims of the universal verdict of men, and the exigencies of some party creed, or some want of sympathy with the poet's theme or his verse. Few are so honest as the late Mr. Froude, who, seeing no way towards reconciling an allegiance to the "History of the English Church" with a love for Milton, took every opportunity of denying

his claim to any high rank as a poet, and seasoning this harsh verdict with personal abuse. As an example of the more perfect admiration for Milton, which in our passion for his poetry we so much desire, we may instance the poet Wordsworth, in his younger and more vigorous hour. His sonnet—from which we have borrowed a well-known line—in which he calls upon the spirit of the great poet to come again to a fallen and dishonoured England, will, apart from all theological considerations, be read when that upon "Laud" is consigned to a decent oblivion. Among the many services which the late Lord Macaulay rendered to English literature, we may specially instance this—that he destroyed what we believe to have been a very common delusion, viz., that Milton was dull. The untempered fervour of his youthful criticism did more than all the frigid and pedantic editors from Bentley downwards had done towards establishing an initiatory interest in his subject. In France, M. de Chateaubriand, with equal enthusiasm and considerably more extravagance, enlisted the divine old Puritan into the strange service of restoring Popery to a country torn and wasted by infidelity and tyranny. The "Paradise Lost" has now more readers in France than the "Henriade."

Another chapter is devoted to "The Mental History of Montaigne." The review of the influences which coloured the mind of Montaigne, and found so natural an expression in his garrulous egotism, and the earnest scepticism of the essays, is careful and interesting. We quote one remark, which, obvious as it may seem, has, if we may trust even the popular history and biography of our own age, still to be wedged and tightened, not without difficulty, in the minds of several writers whom we could name:—

"The truth is," he says, "the sudden establishment of Protestantism must have presented to the mind of the observer phenomena confounding as the establishment of Christianity itself. The intelligent Catholic may have regarded the re-action against Catholicism with amazement, similar to that with which the penetrating minds of Paganism, of such Pagans as Pliny and Julian, regarded the great insurrection against the religion of Socrates and Varro."—P. 41.

This observation, sound and considerate, occurs in a very interesting excuse for the weak and unsettled opinions of Montaigne. Modern scepticism has little in common with that sixteenth century scepticism, whose prophets were Rabelais and Montaigne, any more than it has with the scepticism of the French sophists of the Encyclopædia; but still it is not difficult to see that the present attitude of science towards the disorganized but passionate convictions of religious parties is favourable to the growth of such moods and minds as that of Montaigne. Any consideration, therefore, on a subject which has such a strange interest to many minds at this day, is welcome.

We can only briefly mention the titles of the remaining chapters. They are, "Dryden, or the Literary Morality of an Epoch;" "De Foe, and the Rise of Pamphleteering;" "Pope and Swift, Bolingbroke and Harley;" "Characteristics of Ancient and Modern Orators." All of them, to say the least, are able, interesting, and will well repay perusal.

## HAND-BOOK OF PAINTING.\*

Mr. Murray's "Hand-Books" are well known. Under a simple and unpretending title, he gives us very elaborate and valuable treatises—

\* *Hand-Book of Painting: the German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools.* By Dr. Wagener, Director of the Royal Gallery of Berlin. (London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1860.)

in fact, standard works—upon various and important subjects. We must not confound these admirable volumes with the host that has subsequently appeared, adopting the name, but falling very far short of the literary value of the original series. The work before us fully maintains the well-earned character of former "Hand-Books." In two beautifully printed and illustrated volumes, Mr. Murray presents us with a treatise upon painters and painting of the German, Flemish, and Dutch schools. It must be borne in mind that these schools have always been very popular in England; German and Dutch painters have generally met with encouragement and patronage in this country. Here many have found friends and homes, whilst not a few have secured amongst us wealth and fame. The names of Van Eyck, Holbein, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Teniers, Potter, and Cuyp, are far more familiar with most than those of the Spanish or Italian schools; indeed, we might almost say, are better known to the majority than the names of our own masters. In giving us, then, the history of these schools, Mr. Murray presents us with a treatise not only intrinsically valuable, but peculiarly acceptable to our national predilections.

The work itself is based upon "Kugler's Hand-Book of German, Dutch, and Flemish Painting." Mr. Murray had already published an excellent translation of this book; so much fresh light had, however, been poured upon the subject by later researches, that a new and enlarged edition was called for. Kugler died in 1858, and it was most fortunate for Mr. Murray and the art world that so able a man as Dr. Waagen was ready to undertake the task. Perhaps it would not be too much to say, that no living man could have been found better qualified for a labour requiring much judgment, combining with a great degree of patient and laborious investigation. Dr. Waagen had in fact undergone a preliminary training of more than a quarter of a century. In 1835 we find him in England carefully examining our public and private collections. Thence he proceeds successively to Italy, Belgium, and Holland, with a similar purpose. He makes protracted sojourns in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, and other cities, searching out and noting the works of art contained in their numerous galleries and museums. After many years spent in such labours, we find him again in England. He confesses that he was not satisfied with the results of his former examinations. He extends his researches into twenty-eight new collections in London, nineteen in other parts of England, and seven in Scotland. In the famous year of the Great Exhibition he is once more amongst us. We find him the guest of Sir Charles Eastlake, and a juror in the distribution of the prizes awarded in the Exhibition. After his first visit to England, Dr. Waagen published the result of his labours, under the title of "Art and Artists in England." His work was well received, and established the author's credit as a judicious critic, but it was entirely superseded by the three volumes published after the subsequent visits, under the name of "Art Treasures in England." This work is well known as a most complete and unique account of the many gems of art contained in our own country, and will be a valued and standard work so long as any love and regard for art remains.

After so many years thus spent in harness, we were justified in the anticipation that Dr. Waagen would produce a complete and valuable "Hand-Book." The volumes before us amply confirm the expectation. Though confessedly based upon the "Hand-Book of Kugler," we are

told that only a "small portion of the original text remains; that the historical details have been considerably enlarged; that the author, while agreeing with Kugler on most essential points, yet differs from him materially in some particulars of great interest." An especial prominence has been given to the works of those masters who are best known in England, and to collections most easily accessible to the English. The book, in fact, is written for England. The author not only has personally inspected every work he quotes, but is anxious that his readers should have the same advantage within their reach. We are therefore first referred for examples to the collections at the National Gallery, and Hampton Court, Buckingham Palace, and Windsor Castle; then to the galleries most accessible to us abroad, such as the Louvre, the Museums of Antwerp, Brussels, The Hague, and Amsterdam; and lastly, to the private collections of Lord Ellesmere, Lord Ashburton, Messrs. Baring, Holford, and others of equal celebrity. The course adopted by Dr. Waagen is very judicious. It gives a deep interest to the work as regards the English reader, whilst it by no means detracts from the intrinsic value of the "Hand-Book" itself. It is well known that in the collections mentioned are to be found very many, if not most, of the masterpieces of the schools in question.

We may now proceed to the consideration of the work itself. Dr. Waagen goes back to the earliest periods. There was no painting of any value or importance in Germany previous to the reign of Charlemagne. The first epoch he designates as the "Early Christian Byzantine Period." It extends from A.D. 800 to 1250. It seems that painting, with other arts and sciences, was then confined to the cloister. Until the twelfth century the monks found relief from the monotony of their sequestered lives in transcribing and illuminating missals and other religious works. The first paintings were subsidiary to this work. They consisted principally of evangelariums, or representations of the four evangelists, often with Christ blessing them. Then followed pictures illustrating copies of the Bible in MSS. Sometimes an evangelarium would contain many pictures, and one is mentioned in which the unusual number of fifty-seven is found. The next step in advance was the adorning of the walls of churches and palaces with mosaics. The cathedral at Cologne was especially rich in such productions. Not a trace, however, of these efforts remains.

The first great advance in painting, as an art, is noticed about the year 1150. The monks no longer retain an exclusive monopoly in the production of paintings. The pencil descends with great advantage into the hands of the laity. In Scriptural subjects, the type is now often contrasted with the antitype, as, for instance, the brazen serpent in the wilderness with the sacrifice on Calvary. A far greater variety is introduced; animals, the chase, falconry, and other subjects, vary what has hitherto been an unbroken series of Scripture illustrations. Subjects from the Apocalypse begin to be treated. Imagination is permitted a freer play; more grace and beauty are manifested, and generally a material advance is evident. Still, painting is confined to miniatures illustrating manuscripts, especially missals and psalters, with some few wall-paintings in churches.

From 1250 we may date the Teutonic period. The prevalence of Gothic architecture is a heavy blow and great discouragement to ecclesiastical paintings. The great height of the roofs of churches, the narrow aisles, and especially the breaking up of the evenness of the

walls, by clustering pillars, are all against wall and roof painting. Henceforth, art is confined, with advantage, to the more careful production of altar-pieces. The Byzantine mode of colouring and treatment begins to be abandoned. Angels lose their narrow stiff tunics, and are seen in easy, graceful, flowing mantles. The old type of face is changed; we no longer see the oval countenance, broad above, narrow below; the wide-open eyes, large mouth, and narrow, pointed noses. The spare and meagre form of the body disappears, with its sharp angles and outlines. Buildings, sky, utensils, and trees begin to be introduced in the backgrounds, replacing the blue or gold grounds of the Byzantine period. All this marks a decided advance, and there are happily a few pictures in existence to justify the assertion. There are several worth notice in the cathedral at Bruges, and in the Museum at Antwerp; but the most important relic of this kind is found in the Museum at Dijon. It consists of paintings, on the outside of the wings of a large altar chest, executed by order of Philip the Bold, between 1392 and 1400. They are probably the work of one Melchior Broederlaus, and represent *The Annunciation*, *The Visitation*, *The Presentation*, and *The Flight into Egypt*. Four exquisite woodcuts justify Dr. Waagen's eulogy of this early specimen of the painter's art. He considers it as "the boundary line between the style of this period, and that which immediately succeeds it."

We must not pass over this epoch, without a brief mention of one to whom art in Germany is deeply indebted. Cologne occupied a pre-eminent position in the history of the period, from the labours of the far-famed Wilhelm. A brief passage in the Limburg Chronicle of A.D. 1380, thus records his name and fame:—"In this time, there was a painter in Cologne, of the name of Wilhelm; he was considered the best master in all German land; he paints every man, of whatever form, as if he were alive." Meister Wilhelm appears not only to have obtained credit for his own exertions, but so great was his fame that the custom arose of attributing every good picture of that period, which proceeded from Cologne or its vicinity, to his fertile pencil. The "sic vos non vobis," it seems, was not confined to Virgil's times. One of these pictures, perhaps the most valuable and beautiful, has found its way to England. It is a small altar-piece with wings, in the possession of Mr. Beresford Hope.

We now advance, under Dr. Waagen's able guidance, to a very important epoch. From A.D. 1420 to 1530, there is a marked and rapid development of what he terms the "realistic feeling." From the somewhat apocryphal labours of Meister Wilhelm, we come to the well-ascertained works of the brothers Hubert and Jan Van Eyck. These mark the commencement of the "realistic school," as contrasted with the hitherto prevailing "ideal" conceptions of art. The classical element had as yet been too extensively cultivated. Following Roman and Grecian examples, the personifications of the Virgin, the Apostles, Prophets and Martyrs, had hitherto been only ideal now they become portraits. Rivers, fountains, hills, trees, had been represented under human forms; now from the ideal; they are brought to actual representations as seen in nature. Forms are rendered with the utmost distinctness of drawing, colouring, perspective, light and shadow, and the smallest details are carefully given. Here, also, is the commencement of the landscape school. The brothers Van Eyck we are led to regard as its first exponents. Hubert,

the elder brother, was born A.D. 1366, at Maareyck, and settled at Bruges. His style is marked by great power of representation. The heads of his figures are drawn with marvellous beauty and dignity; his draperies soft, with great breadth and easy folds; his colouring harmonious, deep, and transparent. We will not dwell upon the works of this great master. Dr. Waagen gives most interesting description of them, and especially of his masterpiece, once in the cathedral at St. Bavon, at Ghent. Several pages, and some beautiful wood engravings, are devoted to an elaborate description of a work that is beyond all praise.

Jan Van Eyck, the younger brother, is better known than even Hubert himself. In many respects, he appears to have been a painter of superior abilities. There are several interesting specimens of his painting in England. One of great value, and his earliest production, is the *Consecration of Thomas à Becket*, as archbishop of Canterbury, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, inscribed with the name of the artist, and with the date 1421. Another is in the possession of Lord Heytesbury, purchased from a medical man at Lisbon, and probably executed by the master during his stay in Portugal.

We must rapidly pass over Dr. Waagen's notice of the school of Van Eyck. The two most celebrated of their followers were Quentyn Matsys, the well-known blacksmith of Antwerp, and Lucas Van Leyden. Most of our readers are acquainted with the romantic history of Quentyn, and have probably seen his curious monument, and more curious epitaph, at Antwerp. We possess a beautiful specimen of his style in the celebrated picture of the *Misery*, in the collection of her Majesty at Windsor Castle.

The commencement of the sixteenth century is marked by a strange feature in the development of pictorial art, which must not be passed over without a brief notice. Dr. Waagen tells us that a taste for the fantastic began to prevail, much to the detriment of real and pure beauty. Artists delighted in the mystical scenes suggested by the Apocalypse, and the weird-like fancies of legendary lore. Albert Dürer became the representative of this school: the type of German art at this period, with all its beauties and faults. The most celebrated of his pictures is the well-known plate of the *Knight, Death, and the Devil*. Dr. Waagen considers this to be the most important work that the fantastic spirit of German art ever produced. He gives us an animated description of it, accompanied by a beautiful wood cut.

The only other painters of this period to which we can afford space for a passing notice are Lucas Cranach and Hans Holbein the younger. The former was the only painter of any note that Saxony produced, and was certainly an artist of no mean pretensions. He founded a kind of school in that country, and was held in the highest esteem by his countrymen. His labours appear not confined to the brush and easel, for we find him twice elected Burgomaster in Wittenberg. He also took an energetic part in the struggle then raging between Luther and the Papacy. He lived to a good old age, and left so many pictures behind him that he well earned the title of "Celerimus Pictor," inscribed upon his tomb.

Holbein the younger is better known among ourselves. Born at Augsburg, A.D. 1498, he visits England in 1526, and is received as a welcome guest by Sir Thomas More, in his villa on the banks of the then silver Thames. He soon became a favourite with bluff King Hal, and we owe the preservation of the jovial features of that royal personage to the

admirable skill of this master. Many of his works remain amongst us and are easily accessible. He seems to have worked with amazing diligence, and must have well earned the thirty pounds per annum, with lodging in the palace, granted him by his royal patron. No one will be sorry to hear, on Dr. Waagen's authority, that he was "paid for each separate picture besides."

With "Book IV." commences a very important epoch. It is the period between A.D. 1530 and 1600. The character of the times, marked as they were by the stirring events of the great Reformation, seems to have exercised a withering power upon art and artists. A great deterioration is noticed in the productions of the few painters worthy of any notice. They abandoned the course which had raised German art to so high a position, and commenced a servile imitation of the Italian schools, with no successful results. Still, it would appear that even during this unfavourable period there was a wonderful expansion in art visible. Marine painting is now first cultivated in Holland with great success, as evidenced by the works of Vroom, Willaerts, and Peters. Architectural subjects begin to attract notice; the principles of both aerial and linear perspective are reduced to a system, as seen by the Gothic churches and interiors of Steenwyck and Reefs. Flower and fruit painting now for the first time claim a position as a separate branch of art, under the versatile hand of Jan Brueghel; whilst Paul Brill gives an importance to landscape painting it had never yet attained.

We approach now a most important era in the history of painting; a period marked by as great a change as that which is seen in the grand development of the realistic tendency by the Van Eycks. Those artists were animated by the deep religious feeling of the times. The time had now arrived when that peculiar feeling was abolished by Protestantism. The Reformation caused a revulsion of feelings and principles that could not but exercise a material effect upon painting as an art. Madonnas and Holy Infants, Annunciations and Adorations, Lives of Saints and Deaths of Virgins, no longer claim the homage that was once so freely rendered. The efforts of artists are directed into new channels. Mythology, allegory, studies of animals and flowers, hunts, combats, marine life, and that particular class of subjects denominated "genre," form the staple of illustration. Still a few pictures, taken from the Old and New Testament, homely and realistic, yet imbued with thorough Biblical significance, bear witness that the religious element was not entirely destroyed.

We next follow Dr. Waagen to the last great development of art. A new school arises, and at once obtains the highest position. To the genius of Rubens, Belgium is indebted for the proud pre-eminence which is accorded to her in the annals of painting. This great master was born at Sieger, in Nassau, A.D. 1577. The sketch of his life and labours will amply repay perusal. It is only for us to notice that he effected a complete revolution in painting. His pictures are marked by an intense feeling for nature, warm and transparent colouring, picturesque keeping, with an amazing richness of imagination. They are so well known that it would be superfluous to follow Dr. Waagen in the enumeration. The two generally considered as his master-pieces are the magnificent pictures in Antwerp Cathedral. Few who have looked on the *Elevation of*, and *Descent from the Cross*, under the peculiar effect produced by the rays of the rising sun, have left

that venerable pile without a deep sense of the wonderful powers of the artist. His life seems to have been a strange contrast to that of many of his brethren. He was strikingly handsome in person, and possessed the higher advantages of an amiable temper and cultivated mind. He was beloved by all. His works were highly appreciated, and eagerly sought by Mary of Medicis, Queen of France, Philip III. of Spain, and our own Charles the First. He lived in friendly relations with the most renowned and intellectual characters of the period, and after a "career marked by all the distinctions that fame and admiration could bestow," he died at Antwerp in 1640.

His friend and pupil Van Dyck was not so fortunate. He commenced his studies at the early age of ten years. After having been some time in the school of Rubens, he was admitted at nineteen into the guild of painters at Antwerp. His powers were so great that Rubens gladly engaged him as his assistant. This, perhaps, was the most happy and promising time of his life. His fame, however, reached England, and James I. took him into his service. Subsequently we find him engaged as court painter by Charles I., at a salary of £200 per annum. The magnificent picture of that monarch at Windsor, and the family group of the House of Pembroke, remain with us, amongst many others, as proofs of his wonderful powers as an artist. Still, his career seems to have been in some respects unsuccessful. He endeavoured to obtain the commission for painting the walls of the banqueting room in the Palace of Whitehall, the ceiling of which had already been decorated by Rubens, but he was disappointed in his wish. Soon after he heard that Louis XIII. was about adorning the largest saloon of the Louvre with paintings, and hastened to Paris with the eager desire to secure the commission. In this object he was once more unsuccessful; Poussin had already been the successful candidate. These disappointments seem to have preyed upon his mind, and, on his return to England, he found misfortunes gathering over his royal patron. His mind seems to have given way under these gloomy circumstances, and he died at the early age of forty-two. Dr. Waagen draws a touching contrast between the career of a most eminent, but still disappointed artist, and the more happy and brilliant course of his talented and admired master.

What Rubens was to the Belgian school, in his peculiar department of high art, David Teniers, the younger, appears to have been in his own less ambitious style. His scenes of peasant life, merrymaking, drinking bouts, and not very select *réunions*, are well known, and are highly appreciated for their force, humour, and truth to nature. His favourite subject, however, was the temptation of St. Anthony. This strange scene, with its fantastic grouping, quaint conceits, and diabolic agency, he seems never to have been weary of repeating. He has left behind him numerous paintings, and more are attributed to him by unscrupulous imitators, who have not hesitated to sign his name on many of their own productions. Where the painter has been more modest, the dealer has stepped in, and many an "undoubted Teniers" would bear, on careful examination, the initials of another artist. Still, our own collections are rich in specimens whose genuineness is unimpeachable. Among these are especially noticed the collection of her Majesty in Buckingham Palace, and those of Sir Robert Peel, Lords Ellesmere and Ashburton, Mr. Thomas Baring, and Lord Overstone.

It was at this period that the Dutch school attained its proud position in the history of

art. Contemporary with Rubens, Rembrandt Van Ryn, commenced at an early age a career which was destined to shed a bright lustre upon his country, and exercise a most important influence upon the development of painting. His early life was full of promise. At the age of twenty-two we find him established as an independent master at Amsterdam. Soon afterwards he marries the daughter of a wealthy burgher, and receives scholars, who pay him annually 100 guildens each. His wife dies, and in 1656 he is bankrupt. A passion for curiosities and works of art seems to have caused his failure. A story is told of his having paid eighty dollars for a small engraving by Lucas van Leyden. The sale of his collection was inevitable, and we can sympathise with this illustrious painter, when he finds all his valuable works of art, collection of rich costumes and curiosities, together with seventy of his best pictures, and all his studies, drawings, and etchings, knocked down for a miserable sum of less than 5000 guildens.

It would exceed the limits of our review to enter upon an enumeration, far less the description, of the many works of this great master. Dr. Waagen devotes considerable space to this part of the work, and it will be found not only valuable but most interesting.

The followers of Rembrandt were numerous. In "genre" painting, Jan Steen, Gerard Dow Mieris, and Schalcken; as horse and cattle painters, the principal were Wouwermans, Paul Potter, Van de Velde, and Berchem; in landscape painting, few are unacquainted with the works of Ruisdael, Wynants, Hobbema, Both, and Cuyp. The history of this last mentioned artist is remarkable. He has now been long regarded as one of the greatest painters of his own or any other period. We have ourselves seen, in the Baring collection, a picture for which £2,400 was demanded, and willingly paid. Dr. Waagen mentions another for which the sum of £3,000 was offered, and refused. Yet, strange to say, it is an ascertained fact that until the year 1750 no picture of this great, but then unappreciated master, ever sold for more than thirty florins! Indeed, in so little estimation were his works held, that it was customary at auctions, if a lot hung heavily on hand, for the offer to be made to throw in "a little Cuyp" as a make-weight, to encourage the bidders!

The marine painters of this brilliant epoch kept pace with the other schools. Stork, Backhuysen, and William Van de Velde the younger, are mentioned as the principal. Van de Velde is justly considered the greatest marine painter of the Dutch, or indeed of any other school. Dr. Waagen congratulates us upon the possession of his best works. No painter was ever more devoted to his art; his enthusiastic study of nature was evinced by a remarkable circumstance. It is recorded that, before depicting a naval engagement between the English and the Dutch, he ventured into the midst of the strife in an open boat, and remained anxiously watching the various phases of the combat, in order that his own picture might be natural and life-like. Surely the artist who, absorbed in the pursuit of art, could encounter such risk, may well earn, and certainly deserves, a brilliant reputation.

The last chapters of this admirable and most interesting work record the decline of art in these particular schools. From 1700 to 1810 this decline is "total and unmistakable." The faculty of invention is entirely paralysed; feeling for colour lost; quality of execution degenerated. A spiritless imitation of the great masters prevails, and a general deterioration, unrelieved by one eminent exception, marks

the schools in question for the last hundred and fifty years.

Dr. Waagen concludes his volumes with little more than a simple enumeration of the names of artists, who seem scarcely to deserve a record with those of former generations.

His "Hand-Book" is not without its "moral." No one can rise from its perusal without feeling that the genuine works of the old masters are by no means so common as may have been supposed. When we notice the anxious care with which they are preserved, the value attached to every trifling circumstance by which they may possibly be identified, the almost fabulous sums that are cheerfully paid for them, we shall do well to look with caution upon the confident representations of the "trade," and perhaps we may add even those of our friends. We must confess that our small collection has very much gone down in our estimation since we perused Dr. Waagen's "Hand-Book." We shall, for the future, look with painful suspicion upon our own "genuine Jan Steens and Teniers," and point with a trembling finger to our hitherto "undoubted Rembrandt;" whilst, on the other hand, we shall remember, with something of an honest pride, that "our Rubens" was always mentioned to our friends as "doubtful."

We imagine that some such feeling will not be uncommon among the numerous readers of this valuable work. It may tend to the higher appreciation of the genuine productions of great masters, and to a greater jealousy as to the pretensions of the numerous more than doubtful specimens. If so, the result must be beneficial, and we may congratulate Dr. Waagen upon the valuable service he has rendered to the noble art which has engrossed so many years of an active, useful, and honourable life.

#### THE CHINESE WAR.\*

We take it, a pretty general apathy is felt in England on the subject of the Chinese war. The long time which has been suffered to elapse since we were roused to a bellicose indignation by the Peiho massacre, has enabled us to settle again into our wonted indifference, and the peacemongers have not been sparing of their efforts in the interval. They have everywhere bawled their denunciations. The war is unchristian, it is piratical; we are extravagantly unreasonable in our demands; we are buccaneers and bullies where we ought only to be merchants and missionaries. Why are we not content with the ports already opened? Why are we so desirous of offending the susceptibilities of Chinese etiquette that we must foist a minister upon the Lord of the Flower-land, and parade our red-haired barbarians among the frowsy pagodas of Pekin? This is the constant cry of the peace-at-any-price party, and it has been pretty loudly re-echoed. Such doctrines have had their advocates in high places and in low places: they have allayed the gusts of our national resentment, and the result has been that nine Englishmen out of ten regard the war with profound indifference. If we come upon the "Chinese intelligence" in our newspaper, we naturally turn to the more exciting narrative of Garibaldi's last victory, or the development of the latest French *idea*. Such being the state of popular feeling, the appearance of a book like Captain Osborn's is in every way a boon. Here we have the opinion of a man who is fully competent to speak *ex cathedra*. The experience of two Chinese wars lends a value to his suggestions, which

\* *The Past and Future of British Relations in China.* By Captain Sherard Osborn, C.B. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.)

we must wholly refuse to concede to newspaper editors and sentimental philanthropists. The gallant captain is in every way practical. His advice is exactly what all sensible men have been giving us for the last twenty years. We will venture to say that there is not a man to be found, at all acquainted with the East, who does not over and over again insist upon the folly of conciliating an Oriental. Conciliation is an idea no Asiatic can understand. It is untranslatable in their idioms; just as we might expect in the Fijee language to find no word equivalent to loving kindness, and should hardly in a Kaffir look for the chivalrous courtesy of a Frenchman. The following is Captain Osborn's experience. He speaks, as it will be observed, very decidedly on the point:—

"With a Chinaman, as with all Asiatics, the worst strategy is to be on the defensive; he immediately fancies you are afraid of him, and every petty mandarin seeks to secure imperial favour and honour, by harassing and insulting the foreigner, alarming the merchants, and carrying on a series of petty hostilities. Of course he could not do this without funds, but unfortunately we are continually supplying them with the means of thus annoying us, in the payment of the fiscal dues upon our exports and imports, a portion of which every prefect at the open ports can apply to an exhibition of local patriotism, whilst he remits the major portion to the capital, for the extirpation of the barbarian who has thus been good enough to supply powder and shot for his own slaughter."

We have seen that our author does not recommend conciliation: he is in favour of exacting the treaty of Tien-tsin to the full. He would on no account abandon the idea of a minister at Pekin. By the services of such an officer, he thinks we should avoid all the petty squabbles which have given such a provincial character to our Chinese wars. He would apply for a redress of our grievances to the fountain-head. Mr. Commissioner Lin, and Governor-General Yeh, would be equally superseded. It is the Celestial bureaucracy which has been our great hindrance. Such is the gallant Captain's opinion. We hardly dare venture upon controverting such an authority. We are, however, lost in wonder in contemplating the change which must have come over the Chinese court before we can imagine any ambassadors in immediate intercourse with the Emperor. We cannot yet picture to ourselves the Chinese court journal, with lists of ambassadorial presentations and official dinners. Let us not, however, marvel too much, after what we have read and heard of the King of Siam. This is an age of wonders. There are railways in the land of Ham. The novels of Mr. Charles Dickens are read at Bangkok, and the King of the Sandwich Islands patronises concerts. What his Polynesian Majesty said and did, and what the swarms of Polynesian Phippess said and did, may all be read, duly chronicled in the royal journal of Honolulu. The gallant Captain is very severe upon the attempts which we have been recently making to effect a compromise with the Emperor, and we think with justice:

"Galeatum zero desult  
Ponit."

Even if our national honour would let us put up with being huffed by these lozenge-eyed savages, it would be too late to do so after having talked of cannons and gunpowder. With the Chinese, lying is carried to the perfection of a science, and seems to be as much admired as truth-telling among the ancient Persians, if we are to believe the garrulous old gentleman of Halicarnassus. It is ridiculous for us to expect to be ever fairly dealt with. We must thrash them into common honesty. Among such a people a treaty is a piece of waste-

paper merely. The massacre of the Peiho was all we got from the tedious negotiations and twaddling document of Tien-tsin. As long as we try diplomacy and conciliation, we shall be always finding ourselves in the same degraded position. Captain Osborn points out, with considerable force, the extraordinarily little progress we have made in our knowledge of the country since we first became acquainted with it, from the circumstance that we have so long allowed ourselves to adopt a foolishly pacific policy. We have as yet only had access to one-half of the coast, and so absurdly unacquainted are we with the geography of the interior, that all our maps—those actually used by our naval and military authorities—are copies of the old Jesuit map of China, made two centuries ago. When we consider the extent of China, and its great commercial importance, there is good reason that we should be ashamed and vexed at our ignorance:—

"There is not a province which does not produce some article of actual necessity or luxury for Europe, and, at the same time, out of the eighteen provinces which China is divided into, there are as yet only four\* situated on the south-east seaboard, to which Europeans have obtained access, and even their resources are but very partially known. Access to these four provinces only dates back to 1842, and prior to that, from the year 1549 (for three centuries, in short), all the trade of Europe with the great empire of China was restricted to a single port in the province of Canton."

We export largely from China, but import, comparatively speaking, very little; the result is, the Chinese absorb yearly an enormous quantity of our bullion. There is something rather startling in Captain Osborn's remark on this subject, that China has absorbed and hoarded all the great silver currency which the mines of Mexico and Peru disseminated over the world. Surely it is hardly reasonable that this state of things should be allowed to continue. Let us call attention, on the other hand, to the marvellous results which have ensued when we have been allowed to trade. Sixteen years ago, Captain Osborn tells us, Shanghai was a place utterly insignificant in importance, and with a trade not worth mentioning. It had then never been visited by any foreign vessel. There is now an import and export trade amounting to twenty-six millions seven hundred and seventy-four thousand odd pounds! This fact alone speaks volumes. It is in bringing such facts strongly before the public eye, that the value of this little book consists. We want the opinion of a practical man on the subject; we want facts and figures, not weak sentimentalities and twaddling theories. Our author has all the feeling of a sailor; he is strenuous for action, and writes with an uncompromising spirit, which is an admirable set-off against the nonsense on China with which we have been deluged for months past. The gallant Captain recommends us to cut off the supply of grain from southern China to the northern provinces—a policy adopted with success in 1842. Any attempts at a *coup de main* on Pekin he deprecates; the court would simply transfer itself to Manchooria, and we should not be one jot nearer our purpose, viz., obtaining immediate intercourse with the Emperor. Herein lies our great difficulty in managing the Celestials; so long as the court is sequestered, no amount of depredations on the coast or slaughters of his subjects would disturb his Imperial Majesty. In no other country but China could we have seen the extraordinary anomaly presented by the Taeping revolution, still found co-existing with the Tartar dynasty.

undestroyed. Over and over again Captain Osborn insists on the necessity of our avenging the Peiho massacre, if only to preserve our *prestige*, now, unfortunately, very much shaken in the eyes of the Chinese. It will never do to allow nearly 500 of our countrymen to be butchered in this way, and their murderers to escape with impunity. In these days, when the almighty dollar reigns supreme, let us at least have some notions, however faint, of national honour. In conclusion, we must call attention to Captain Osborn's remarks on the navigation of the Gulf of Pecchee and the Peiho river, of which he gives us a chart, doubtless serviceable to those who may require to be acquainted with these portions of the China waters. His book is a manly and sensible one; we are convinced that the study of it will convey juster notions of China and the Chinese than nine-tenths of the very ephemeral productions on the subject which are constantly teeming from the press.

#### SIR W. HAMILTON'S LECTURES ON LOGIC.\*

##### [SECOND NOTICE.]

AFTER a disquisition contained in these lectures on the definition, the history, and the utility of logic, Sir Wm. Hamilton proceeds to deal separately with the elements of thought, and the process by which we attain the perfection of thought. The first of these divisions he calls by the name of Stoicheiology, the second by that of Methodology. Each is elaborately subdivided, and the various parts of these two grand sections are presumably evolved in successive order. To deal with all the questions raised and argued in these several parts of the work before us would be, both from their novelty to English readers and their position in the controversy which is and will be, as has been, raised about the nature and limits of the discursive powers, interminable. We shall only attempt to touch on some of the most marked features of the system promulgated for the first time in England, in collected form, in these important and remarkable lectures.

The mode in which Sir Wm. Hamilton conveys his theory to his hearers is that, it appears, of dictating general propositions or theses—which are more than a hundred in number, and form so many separate nuclei for the mass of criticism and controversy by which they are sustained. Each of these is at once complete for the object immediately before it, consecutive to that which has preceded, and preparatory to that which follows. Such a method of instruction is one which suggests at once the coherence of the theory in the teacher's mind, and the corrective to that discursiveness to which compositions intended for hearers instead of readers are so liable. In order also that he might be the more fully able to deal with the controversial bearings of all the positions which he lays down, the author studied—and studied critically, as he tells us himself—many hundred logical systems; and informed himself at the same time of the history of the science, and the various developments which either enlarged its boundaries or disfigured the proper apprehension of its true nature. These authorities are copiously and frequently referred to, and have been, under the labours of the editor, fully and accurately verified.

The author has no hesitation in coining or adapting new terms to express the various forms and steps by which his logical theory is developed. These will be found, to those

who study the work, harsh and obscure at first, and constantly liable to the charge of a discrimination of a laboured and almost pedantic kind. But in the infancy or revival of any science there is no objection so easily made and so hardly refuted than that to an obscure and difficult nomenclature. This is particularly contingent to treatises on speculative science, where the strongest contrast is made to the fashion of a gossiping book-writing which is always affecting easiness and fluency. It is only by slow degrees that the language of any science passes away from the exclusive possession of experts, and becomes the property of generally educated persons. Even the most primitive phrases of logical science seem to most persons who hear them to be a mere technical jargon, as they often become a jargon to those who profess to understand them.

Two terms, which are abundantly familiar to students in logic, are, under the distinctions which Hamilton has drawn, the keystone of the system which has been developed in these lectures. These are the formulas of extension and comprehension, the genus and the species, the notions of breadth and of depth, which are contrary but relative, invariably tending in opposite directions, and yet reciprocally necessary to the separate consciousness of each. "Both quantities are said to *contain*; but the quantity of extension is said to contain *under* it, the quantity of comprehension to contain *in* it." The exposition of the former is division, of the latter definition.

The elaboration of the formal properties which belong to either of these wholes, is made by Sir W. Hamilton at once the theory of syllogistic reasoning, and the criticism of logical methods. He remodels and analyses the forms of argumentation, the rules on which these forms are based, the respective merits of the several schemes of inference by the inherent distinctions which are to be recognized in these several wholes, or primary forms of conception. Again, he discerns the shortcomings of modern logical methods, the empiricism in analysis and the empiricism in detail, which mark, from his point of view, all British writers on logic, in the neglect of the characteristic difference between these formulas, derived from the practice of ignoring, in the elaboration of the logic of extension, the equally necessary and related conditions of the logic of comprehension. Furthermore, he discerns the necessity of these distinctions in every conceivable form of inference. He finds them not only in the pure syllogism of categorical propositions, but in hypothetical and disjunctive reasoning, and in complex as well as simple argumentations. Finally, he employs the separate conditions of each whole as a means whereby he may demonstrate the *quasi* nature of those schemes of syllogism, which are reduced, by a tortuous and empirical process, or by presumed principles, to a necessary law of thought. By a correct appreciation of the true difference between these wholes, and by this alone, does our author conceive that a philosophical—that is, an analytical—logic is possible, and by the ignorance or neglect of this difference does he conclude that all errors in theory have arisen, and will arise. He is borne out in this view by the German logicians whom he has quoted so plentifully, Krug and Easer.

It is not, indeed, a particularly lively task for the student to work out the various reasonings by which these primary laws or forms of thought are shown to permeate all the parts of a strictly formal logic. But the value of the product is often measured by the labour which

\* *Quangtung, Fokien, Chekiang, and Kiangsu.*

\* *Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures. Vols. 3 and 4—Logic.*  
(Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.)

effects it, and it will be plain to those who are at the pains to bring a goodwill to the study of these lectures, along with a clear head, that the author has succeeded in giving a very full explanation of several curious problems in mental science, and by the careful manner in which he has sharpened the last instrument of human thought, the *ipyans ipyánes*, has made ready for the explanation of many more.

The work is illustrated in its formal part by many geometrical and algebraic symbols, as well as by instances of the various schemes of syllogistic inference. These symbols have been objected to as in a fashion sensualising the material of thought. But, as Sir Wm. Hamilton has observed, almost all logical formulae are derived from geometry, and here as well as there the symbol must be looked on as a suggestive rather than an actual representation. With proper cautions on this head, geometrical forms are very fair equivalents of mental processes, and nearly as effective as they are in mathematical science.

The second great division of Hamilton's lectures is of more obvious interest to the reader—that is to say, the part which is called Methodology. Here most persons of any acquaintance with the difficulties which beset the acquisition and the exposition of truth, will find the distinctions of this philosopher of great value, though the subject is far from exhausted in the account which is given of it. Nor can it be a ground of objection that this portion is incomplete. To have made it full would have been to have given an accurate psychological division, and to have introduced a vast amount of metaphysical analysis. Of these the one would have been more or less irrelevant, and the other, though of paramount value, has been anticipated in that previous course which occupies the first two volumes of this series.

At the same time, even this partial elaboration of the nature of truth, and the causes of error, is as novel in the modern history of English logic as it is important and interesting. Most logicians have done little more in their treatises than to submit to their readers a solution, more or less accurate, of those fallacies of the understanding which have been handed down since the time of Aristotle; but have not pointed out how it is, and in what degree it is, that various influences, associations, and prejudices affect the limited capacities of the human mind, and prevent what might be the guide of the method of knowledge from exercising its legitimate powers for what are, by the very constitution of the mind itself, necessary deductions. It is of the greatest importance that the sources of error should be exhibited, and as far as possible made familiar.

The author adopts the Baconian division of the sources of error, distinguishing them as those circumstances which, being general, modify the intellectual character of the individual; those which are in the constitution, habits, and reciprocal relations of his powers of cognition, feeling, and desire; in the language he employs as his instrument of thought and medium of communication, and in the nature of the objects themselves about which his knowledge is conversant. And these various causes of error are distinguished with accuracy, divided with judgment, and illustrated with felicity.

We may quote an instance illustrative of this criticism in the following extract, in which a passage from Pascal is cited and commented on in relation to the powerful influence exercised upon individual men by the assimilation of society:—

"Were there a sage sent down to earth from heaven, who regulated his conduct by the dictates

of pure reason alone, this sage would be universally regarded as a fool. He would be, as Socrates says, like a physician accused by the pastrycooks, before a tribunal of children, of prohibiting the eating of tarts and cheesecakes; a crime undoubtedly of the highest magnitude in the eyes of his judges. In vain would this sage support his opinions by the clearest arguments, the most irrefragable demonstrations; the whole world would be for him like the nation of hunchbacks, among whom, as the Indian fabulists relate, there once upon a time appeared a god, young, beautiful, and of consummate symmetry. This god, they add, entered the capital; he was forthwith surrounded by a crowd of natives; his figure appeared to them extraordinary: laughter, hooting, and taunts, manifested their astonishment, and they were about to carry their outrages still further, had not one of the inhabitants, who had undoubtedly seen other men, in order to snatch him from the danger, suddenly cried out—'My friends, my friends! what are we going to do? Let us not insult this miserable monstrosity. If heaven has bestowed on us the general gift of beauty, if it has adorned our backs with a mount of flesh, let us with pious gratitude repair to the temple and render our acknowledgments to the immortal gods.' This fable is the history of human vanity. Every nation admires its own defects, and contemns the opposite qualities in its neighbours. To succeed in a country, one must be a bearer of the national hump of a people among whom he sojourns.

"There are few philosophers who undertake to make their countrymen aware of the ridiculous figure they cut in the eye of reason, and still fewer the nations who are able to profit by the advice. All are so punctiliously attached to the interests of their vanity, that none obtain, in any country, the name of wise, except those who are fools of the common folly. There is no opinion too absurd not to find nations ready to believe it, and individuals prompt to be its executioners or martyrs. Hence it is that the philosopher declared that if he held all truths shut up in his hand, he would take especial care not to show them to his fellow-men. In fact, if the discovery of a single truth dragged Galileo to the prison, to what punishment would he not be doomed who should discover all? Among those who now ridicule the folly of the human intellect, and are indignant at the prosecution of Galileo, there are few who would not, in the age of that philosopher, have clamoured for his death. They would then have been imbued with different opinions, and opinions not more passively adopted than those which they at present vaunt as liberal and enlightened. To learn to doubt of an opinion, it is sufficient to examine the powers of the human intellect, to survey the circumstances by which it is affected, and to study the history of human follies. Yet in modern Europe six centuries elapsed from the foundation of universities until the appearance of that extraordinary man—I mean Descartes—whom his age first persecuted, and then almost worshipped as a demigod, for initiating men into the art of doubting, of doubting well—a lesson at which, however, both their scepticism and their credulity show that after two centuries they are still but awkward scholars. Socrates was wont to say—'All that I know is, that I know nothing.' In our age it would seem that men know everything, except what Socrates knew. Our errors would not be so frequent were we less ignorant, and our ignorance more curable did we not believe ourselves to be all-wise.

"Among the more general and influential of these, there are two which, though apparently contrary, are, however, both in reality, founded on the same incapacity of independent thought, on the same influence of example—I mean the excessive admiration of the Old, and the excessive admiration of the New. The former of these prejudices, under which may be reduced the prejudice in favour of authority, was at one time prevalent to an extent of which it is difficult for us to form a conception. This prejudice is prepared by the very education, not only which we do, but which we all must, receive. The child necessarily learns everything at first on credit, he believes upon authority. But when the rule of authority is once established, the habit of passive

acquiescence and belief is formed; and, once formed, it is not again always easily thrown off. When the child has grown up to an age in which he might employ his own reason, he has acquired a large stock of ideas; but who can calculate the number of errors which this stock contains, and by what means is he able to distinguish the true from the false? His mind has been formed to obedience and uninquiry, he possesses no criterion by which to judge; it is painful to suspect what has been long venerated, and it is felt even as a kind of personal mutilation to tear up what has been irradiated in his intellectual and moral being. *Ponere difficile est que placere dicitur.* The adult, therefore, does not judge for himself more than the child; and the tyranny of authority and foregone opinion continues to exert a sway during the whole course of his life. In our infancy and childhood the credit awarded to our parents and instructors is implicit; and if what we have learned from them is confirmed by what we hear from others, the opinions thus recommended become at length stamped in almost indelible characters upon the mind. This is the cause why men so rarely abandon the opinions which vulgarly pass current; and why what comes as new is by so many, for its very novelty, rejected as false. And hence it is, as already noticed, that truth is as it were geographically and politically distributed; what is truth on one side of a boundary being error and absurdity on the other. What has now been said of the influence of society at large, is true also of the lesser societies which it contains, all of which impose, with a stronger, a fuller, a wider or more contracted authority, certain received opinions upon the faith of the members. Hence it is, that whatever has once obtained a recognition in any society, large or small, is not rejected when the reasons on which it was originally admitted have been found erroneous. It continues, even for the reason that it is old and has been accepted, to be accepted still; and the title which was originally defective becomes valid by continuance and prescription.

"But opposed to this cause of error, from the prejudice in favour of the Old, there is the other directly the reverse—the prejudice in favour of the New. This prejudice may be, in part at least, the result of sympathy and fellow-feeling. This is the cause why new opinions, however erroneous, if they once obtain a certain number of converts, often spread with a rapidity and to an extent which, after their futility has been ultimately shown, can only be explained on the principle of a kind of intellectual contagion. But the principal cause of the prejudice in favour of the novelty lies in the passions, and the consideration of them does not belong to the class of causes with which we are at present occupied.

"Connected with, and composed of both these prejudices—that in favour of the old, and that in favour of the new—there is the prejudice of learned authority; for this is usually associated with the prejudices of schools and sects." — Vol. ii., pp. 83 seq.

We have quoted this passage, long as it is, with a view to show that Sir William Hamilton is as apt in explaining and illustrating the facts of personal consciousness as he is profound in analysing and determining the various forms of the logical faculty. Many more such passages might be quoted. The reader may compare the disquisition on belief in vol. ii. page 70; that on the sceptical formula of Descartes, in page 91; that on the mutual correction of the various intellectual faculties, in the 30th lecture; that on testimony, in the 33rd; and many others.

Throughout the whole of these lectures great use is made of the logic of Aristotle, and a due appreciation displayed of the powers of that wonderful man. It may seem a little extravagant that our author should have, when commenting on the position which the imagination holds in the aggregate of the intellectual faculties, said that it may well be doubted whether Aristotle did not possess as powerful an imagination as Homer. Certainly the decline of his followers from the lucid exactness and analytical acuteness of this philosopher was

rapid and progressive. It would seem that his spirit was never caught by the teachers who succeeded him; and even the subtlety of the schoolmen, whose works are commonly but ignorantly decried, did not collectively reach to the measure of the great master of dialectic. Still less did the logicians of the Reformation comprehend his scientific method, and least of all did Bacon. His has been a strange history. Reverenced as the keenest thinker of his age, the honour paid him culminated among those who are strangers to his nation and tongue—the learned Arabs of Spain—passed from them to the schoolmen—was lost in the frivolous distinctions and theological abstractions of the Latin doctors; and after having been successively held up to contempt and neglected, is being revived by those who have entered upon the research of the history of mental science with a zeal and lack of prejudice which bids fair to realise the true position to be assigned to the Stagyrite.

Nothing, we may repeat in conclusion, is so much wanting in this time of extensive book writing and extensive book reading—in which the perpetual temptation is to a slip-shod acquaintance with many subjects, a gossip of knowledge, and an inattention to thinking—as the provision of a careful and consecutive treatise on that subject, which is the key to the mastery over any material of human science, and which demands, as the condition on which it accords any proficiency to its learner, the habit of attentive thought. With a profusion of other scientific products, the analysis of mental philosophy has been well nigh forgotten in England. A few of the most essential features of the philosophy of man's intellectual nature are propounded, and they who read are amazed. The limits of the human mind are discussed, and the promulgations of manifest truths are met with indignation, or amazement, or admiration, or panic. Such would not have been the case had the science of logic been studied in a critical, or in any but a perfunctory manner. And though the lectures to which we direct our readers' attention are not, and cannot be, discussed as fully as they deserve in our pages, whether one considers their importance or their universality, yet we can recommend them, together with the valuable fragments in the appendix to the second volume, to the consideration and study of those who have the patience to master, and the intelligence to comprehend, the labours of a man whose learning on this particular science had no rival, and whose acuteness had no superior.

#### LIFE IN ISRAEL.\*

THERE is perhaps no class of literature which exhibits a stronger or more pertinacious vitality than "Books for Children," more especially that type which is termed, in the parlance of its infantine readers, "good books." Why they are written, why published, and what is their ultimate destination, is a mystery to us. Trunk-making, since the introduction of portmanteau, has ceased to be the profitable occupation it once was, and the daily increase of the cheap newspapers and magazines must have rendered waste-paper anything but a desideratum. Still there must be a demand for the commodity somewhere, or we presume it would not be produced.

Within our memory, a striking revolution has taken place in this description of literature. If causes are to be judged of by effects, if we can form any opinion of the character of the readers from the style of books proposed to be

written for their especial perusal and benefit, we should say that the rising generation of Great Britain must have reached a much more advanced stage of development than their progenitors at a corresponding time of life. We remember being perfectly well satisfied with a mental pabulum of a very inferior order to that seemingly demanded by infantine minds of the present day. We were invited to take examples from the "good little boy" who always did as he was bid—was fond of going to church—never dirtied his pinafore, or committed filibustering inroads upon the jam-pot; and, as a natural consequence, rose to be a great man—probably Lord Mayor—and then exhibited a marked contrast to the "conventional naughty little boy" who played truant, stole apples, had no appreciation for the beauties of Dr. Watts, and who went bird-nesting on Sundays, and, as a matter of course, fell into the river and was drowned; or like Mrs. Pipchin's little boy, who would ask questions, was inconveniently gored to death by a discriminating mad bull. But the children of the present day, it would seem, require "sterner stuff" than this; mere moral platitudes must give way to strict logical processes; mere pretty tales must yield the palm to narratives with a "purpose." "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" is thrown aside in disgust for a manual of astronomy. But the change is more noticeable in the religious literature intended for children. The simple Biblical stories which used to have such a charm, are now looked upon as dull and unattractive. And the element of fiction is considered indispensable if they are to be made interesting. Such, at least, seems to be the opinion of the authoress of "Life in Israel." In the preface she tells us that she has reason to believe that "in the mind of the young the various scenes and events of Scripture history are but too often a series of statistical and isolated abstractions;" and she has therefore endeavoured, in the volume before us, by the introduction of local scenery, passing circumstances, national customs, and individual characteristics, "to invest with a new interest the reading of the Bible." The undertaking, doubtless, is a laudable one, but how far the authoress has succeeded in carrying out her design, is quite a different question. We certainly pity the hapless victim who is condemned to a Sunday's perusal of Mrs. Richards' book, in the expectation of thereby acquiring "a new interest in the reading of the Bible." A course of Dr. Watts' Hymns, or the "Life of Mr. Spurgeon," would be a treat in comparison. "Life in Israel" might have been written, or rather compounded, after the following recipe:—Take Pinnock's "Bible Catechism," carefully remove the questions; sweeten with descriptive scenery from second-hand Eastern travellers; throw in imaginary characters with sounding Scriptural names; garnish with "Lalla Rookh," "Glimpses of Oriental Life," and you have—"Life in Israel." We fear we shall be able to give but a faint notion of this curiously rambling volume.

Chapter I. opens on the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness shortly after their departure from Egypt. We are straightway introduced to Zillah and her daughter Adah, in the domesticity of their tent; and subsequently to a gentleman of the name of Jael, who has honourable intentions towards the young lady. We cannot conceive for what possible object these characters—or rather personages, for characters they are not—were ever created. They say little, and do less, and for all practical purposes, might be omitted

altogether. Indeed, the writer herself seems to have an inkling of this, and quietly marries and kills them in the course of seven or eight chapters. This takes us up to the death of Moses, upon which there is a considerable hiatus in history, as we are forthwith introduced to Jerusalem in the reign of Solomon. Here is a fresh batch of characters, namely, Ahinaz, a chief councillor in the court of the king; his wife, Hadassah, with her three daughters, Sarah, Ruth,—"contemplative, sensitive, and poetic" young ladies—and Bathsheba, a light-hearted little creature, "a perfect contrast to them all; laughter sparkled in her eyes, and danced ever and anon upon her lips: she seized the pleasures of the present with no thought of the future," &c. The rest of the description may be found in any sentimental novel. We have also a young lady of the name of Miriam, who acts very much like a modern young lady in a scene of jealousy, which we regret our space will not allow us to quote—and an Egyptian lady named Hagar, from the court of Pharaoh (who consequently ought to have known better than talk about the worship of Orion and Arcturus in Egypt in the ninth century B.C.), and a host of subordinate personages too numerous to particularise. These characters, like Zillah and Adah, act simply in the capacity of pegs on which the authoress hangs long-winded descriptions of the consecration of the Temple, "A Visit to Petra," "Glimpses of Babylon," "Visit to the Magi," &c.; after the diligent perusal of which we leave it to the adventurous reader to settle with himself whether he is any the wiser for Mrs. Maria T. Richards' incubations.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Semi-Attached Couple.* By the Author of "The Semi-Detached House." In two vols. (London: Richard Bentley.) All the ingredients of a good novel, of the class to which the work before us belongs, have been brought into use in the construction of "The Semi-Attached Couple;" for although the component parts do not always maintain a perfectly just proportion, they are moulded together by no unskilled hand, and are formed of the true material. The absence of any great excitement, and the presence of characters who are neither impossibly good, nor painfully bad, has not in the slightest degree the effect of rendering our novel insipid; on the contrary, the book is natural, amusing, and, what is more uncommon, refreshing. To portray eccentric characters who shall not seem unnatural, and perfectly natural characters against whom the accusation of insipidity cannot be urged, is a task, the fulfilment of which requires not only a peculiar talent, but the peculiar talent which gives us a true novelist. Such works are not always the most popular; and clever caricature is seldom deprived by the existence of sterling merit, of an evanescent success; but fine as the line may seem which separates the real from the false, it becomes more strongly marked every hour, and reflection and comparison broaden it, till the reality of the distance of which it is the boundary is plainly manifest. The reader will doubtless apprehend that the principal interest which the work affords will be found in the fortunes—the weal and woe—of a semi-attached couple; and here we pause with a renewal of that astonishment which pervaded us on discovering what the author meant, or rather did not mean, by the title in question. We confess that we have been led to regard a state of semi-attachment, as displayed in married life, as something, not perhaps indicating, but cer-

\* *Life in Israel.* By Maria J. Richards. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1860.)

tainly frequently accompanying, serenity, respectability, and mutual experience; we also should look for our specimens amongst "good sort of people" of a certain age. But the author of our story has chosen his characters amongst what the newspapers call "distinguished circles," and it is his will and pleasure seldom or never to use that link in the matrimonial chain which is implied by the monosyllable "semi," closely bound *pro tem.*, or broken-heartedly cast asunder, to reunite again as quickly—in short, "falling out" and "making it up" are stronger evidences of love or passion than of semi-attachment. We would not be deemed hypercritical. We know all about the insignificance of a name, and we do not dispute the fragrance of the literary rose before us, but we are led to the subject by a fact which must in these days strike even the most casual observer, namely, that the titles of many of our novels and romances seem invented for the express purpose of attracting persons afflicted with curiosity, who select their reading more especially by the aid of catalogues. Lord Teviot is the character of the greatest importance in our novel, being one of the semi-attached; the heroine, his wife, does not claim so large a share of our attention, because the same amount of pains has not been expended on the elaboration of her character. To have made her other than a gentle, undemonstrative woman, accustomed to very tender nurture, and requiring sympathy and support, would have been an error. The marriage of his lordship with our heroine, who was daughter of Lord Eskdale, occurs very early in the first volume. This union, in a worldly point of view, was quite unexceptionable—indeed it was more—for such a *parti* as Lord Teviot is rare indeed. It is recorded that he had five country houses—being four more than he could live in, with £120,000 a-year—being £30,000 less than he could spend; with diamonds that had been collected by the last ten generations of Teviots, and a yacht that had been built by himself; with the rank of a marquis, and the good looks of the poorest of younger brothers. So much for the bridegroom. The beauty of the bride, added to the social advantages conferred on her by high birth and a considerable dower, rendered her a fit and proper person to fill the high position which she was to occupy. Worldly matters being in this very favourable state, the amount of post-nuptial felicity which should follow must of course depend on the characters and dispositions of man and wife. It is the development of these, with their accompanying circumstances and results, which furnishes the ground-work of this novel. Now, Lord Teviot was that most unhappy of mortals—a self-tormentor. Amiable in most things, generous to a fault, he was still proud and jealous; and, by the demons of pride and jealousy, his life was blighted. His love for his wife, and his jealousy of her, were both of a remarkable kind, and were closely interwoven; the former being, from first to last, of the restless, loverlike description, and the latter being continually roused by his wife's natural display of affection towards the members of her own family and the old home of her childhood. Now the wife, who does not seem to have been much attached to her husband at the outset, or who was not perhaps conscious of the control which he possessed over her heart, becomes more and more loving, and consequently more and more unhappy, as the traits alluded to in Lord Teviot's character become more apparent. This state of things is confirmed and aggravated by the interference of a certain Lady Portmore, the Mrs. Malaprop of "the semi-attached couple." We have

seldom met with a character more amusing, mischievous, and empty-headed, than this same Lady Portmore. "Why is it that fools always have the instinct to hunt out the unpleasant secrets of life, and the hardness to mention them?" inquires the acute writer of our novel. Why, indeed? So it is, however; and Lady Portmore's friendly suggestions and kind anxiety are well sketched in the following conversation:

"My dear Teviot, do you know I am not quite easy about you. You certainly are not in your usual spirits. Do tell me—is there anything the matter?"

"What can be the matter, Lady Portmore? Pray do not put fancies of illness into my head, and allow for a little additional steadiness in a respectable married man."

"Yes, that is all very well, my dear friend, but I know you too well to be satisfied with that sort of joke. Come, Teviot, shall I put you at your ease at once? That pretty little wife of yours is not the least in love with you, and your vanity—men are so vain—is a little hurt. Is not this the truth?"

"If so, it is another proof that *toute vertu n'est pas bonne à dire*," said Lord Teviot, hastily, for he was stung to the quick by the remark. Why is it that fools always have the instinct to hunt out the unpleasant secrets of life, and the hardness to mention them?"

"But I am speaking entirely for your good, and you must not be angry with me. You know what a warm friendship I have for you, and the interest I take in your happiness; and I really look upon Helen as a sister of my own. So I want to make out why it is that you are not so happy together as I wish to see you. Perhaps you expect too much from Helen? She is a child, you know, and a petted child, and she has been idolised at home, so it is natural that she should love her own family. I see you think she is too much devoted to them, and perhaps a little afraid of you." Lord Teviot gave the reins a jerk, in the fond hope of giving Lady Portmore a fright, but she went on: "Perhaps that is the case now, but you must give her time. Her little head was turned by your rank and position in the world, and she married without that attachment that a girl older and more experienced would have felt. But trust me, Teviot, she will fall in love with you some of these days. It is impossible it should be otherwise; and then you will forget that now her father and mother, and all that Eskdale class, are more to her than you are."

This was the pith of Lady Portmore's harangue. Lord Teviot hated to hear what she was saying; he hated her for saying it, and himself for listening; but yet, because she fed the delusion under which he laboured, because she talked to him of himself, and because she was handsome and foolish, he allowed her to go on putting "rancours in his vessel of peace," confirming all the painful suspicions against which he had struggled, and extracting from him avowals that he wished unmade the moment they were uttered. Lord Teviot kept open house, and the presence of his guests had the effect of causing the fire to smoulder, which might, under other circumstances, have blazed out; and this suppressed emotion, added to the pride which made no complaints, sought no explanations, rendered life truly miserable to the hero of the tale. Matters are finely and satisfactorily arranged by a long and dangerous illness which falls on Lord Teviot, and through which he is nursed by his wife, as a loving woman alone can nurse. She discovers how truly she loves him, and (which is of more importance) he makes a similar discovery; and so, from the threshold of the grave, they start afresh on life's journey, or rather life's promenade; for the hero had a hundred and twenty thousand a-year, and the heroine had diamonds unnumbered, and "thirty morning-gowns"! Our space will not permit of our advertizing to those subordinate characters which

are necessary to the life and animation of our story: we have already expressed our opinion of their general merits, as also of the attractiveness of the work itself. We regret to say that the work is got up by the publisher in the very worst style we have ever witnessed. The printing is indifferent, and the paper is abominably bad. One instance of carelessness is repeatedly printing the Christian name of "Ernest" as "Earnest." The merits of the novel *per se* are unexceptionable. We greatly regret that an authoress whom we so much esteem should make her appearance in so shabby and disreputable a guise.

*The Prelate. A Novel.* By J. F. Smith. (London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.)

Mr. J. F. Smith has written some very clever things, and has gained an amount of popularity amongst a certain class of readers, which is, we believe, well deserved. "Minnie Grey" and "Dick Tarleton," assisted by wonderfully exciting pictures, have opened up the eyes of a vast number of the admirers of cheap literature, and perhaps kept some of those eyes open when they would otherwise have been closed in sleep. Surreptitiously obtained candle-ends have flared before the shrine on which was traced the thrilling record of events ("continued from our last"). Apart from the merits of these stories, as sources of amusement they stand very high, on account of their perfect freedom from immorality; they never pander to vicious taste, and were as popular with the readers of "Cassell" as they could have been with the admirers of a journal of a much lower stamp. But Mr. Smith has, as a writer, a *spécialité* for works of which "The Prelate" is not a specimen. To write well, and with considerable scope of imaginative power, concerning persons or things with which the novelist is acquainted from personal experience, and the account of which, from their very resemblance to nature, is delightful to the reader, is *one* thing; to describe successfully and naturally, by the light of imagination alone, unaided by any deep knowledge of human nature, is quite another. The former is Mr. Smith's *forte*, the latter is not. Let Mr. Smith suppose the first half of "The Prelate" divided into short portions, and supplied to his readers weekly, and then let him ask himself the question, and no man is better capable of answering it—Would it be very interesting? Where character is not made an earnest and successful study, or where a writer is not remarkable for the purity of his style, the acuteness of his observations, or the quaintness of his diction, he must put his trust in quick, energetic, bustling life, fertile in incidents; softening down these materials with what humour he can command, and such sentiment as is most likely to tell with his readers. This is the line which our author has hitherto pursued, and we recommend him to take no higher ground.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*A Wife to Order.* By Frederick Gerstaeker. Translated by Edmund Routledge. (London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.) We have been considerably puzzled by "A Wife to Order;" not that there is anything mysterious in its composition, or vague in its plot. Our surprise arises from our inability to conceive why, when English trash is so plentiful in the market, any person could be found to translate such a work as the narrative under our notice. We should not be so much astonished were the German rendered into clumsy English, for we should then be better prepared to ascribe the existence of Gerstaeker's novel in the English market to the stupidity of some person deficient in taste and

discrimination. But Mr. Edmund Routledge has acquitted himself of his task, if not with advantage to his reader, at least with credit to himself. The scene is principally laid in the Dutch colony of Java: and the reader, when he has patiently perused the work, will be rewarded with an idea, more or less correct, of the rascality of the natives of the island in question, the insipidity of some of the Dutch or German inhabitants, and the viciousness of others. As some of our readers may not choose to judge for themselves, and as others may not happen to meet with "A Wife to Order," it perhaps is not out of place to inform them what the deep mystery, or the piece of drollery which the title hints at, really implies. A wealthy merchant of Java, who does not seem to be looked on as at all eccentric, comes to the conclusion that he would be in a better position were he a married man; and as his heart has resisted the attractions of the ladies of Batavia, with which ladies he is of course well acquainted, he hits on the somewhat odd idea of marrying some lady whom he has never seen. Accordingly, he writes a letter to a friend in England, requesting that amongst the articles imported to Java, a wife might not be forgotten. Very shortly after the despatching of which missive, he proceeds to marry somebody else. The lady selected and sent as per order, is a poor dear half-broken-hearted young lady, much given to weeping; for she has just lost her lover, who, we are not astonished to hear, jilted her. Here we have materials for a good deal of amusement, but nothing is made of them. The lady is simply *damp* and unpleasant, and the gentleman indifferent, but willing to pay a forfeit which had been agreed on in case the intended wife should not suit. A lady, for no very evident reason, takes the forlorn damsel under her protection, and her brother marries her. It must not be supposed that these circumstances, however, afford the plot, and give birth to the incidents of the story; they seem to do duty as excuse for the name of the book, which is certainly an attractive one—we mean the name.

*On the Primal Language of Man, and on Alphabetic Writing.* By John Tudor. (London: Bosworth and Harrison. 1860.) This is a very little volume on very big and voluminous themes. "The Primal Language of Man, and Alphabetic Writing," suggest deep and profound disquisitions on hieroglyphics, palaeography, archaeology, and a legion of other antiquarian *graphics* and *ologies*. But those widely-expansive themes are compressed within the pages of a brochure of very limited dimensions, half of which is irrelevant to the questions under treatment. However, lest our readers should think that the littleness of the treatise is traceable to the smallness of opinion which the author has formed of his own powers, we beg to assure them that the contrary is the fact, as a couple of quotations, which we shall presently furnish, will show. The author holds and maintains that the primal language of man and alphabetic writing were born with the Hebrew language and the Hebrew characters. We need only give a couple of extracts from the diminutive volume to satisfy our readers that reasoning with Mr. Tudor on the subject is out of the question:—"The simple sounds of occidental dialects scarcely exceed fifteen, and this number of consonants would suffice for all languages purely European. The Orientals have *deep guttural, and strong sibilant and nasal sounds, to which Europeans are strangers*. . . . And this difference of speech does not arise wholly from practice, but rests on physical distinctions in the organs of speech among the different families of mankind." We know not the number of European languages with which Mr. Tudor is acquainted. Judging from the passage just cited, we should be disposed to say that his "mother tongue," pure and simple, is his favourite European language, to the exclusion of all others. If he had known a little of German, Polish, Russian, Spanish, French, or even Irish and Scotch, he would have hesitated before he said that Europeans were strangers to "deep guttural and strong sibilant and nasal sounds." We give the following passages to show what a hopeless task it would prove were we to attempt to convince Mr. Tudor that he is too positive:—"I esteem all attempts to ascertain the original mode of pronouncing Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, which are dead languages, to be vain and futile, for I am sure that, if we knew it, we could

not pronounce it, from the difference of our organs of articulation. . . . I hold that the Hebrew language and the square Hebrew characters were both given by inspiration, and I maintain that God would not give a less perfect form of letters, to be rendered more perfect by the ingenuity of man. . . . I maintain that there were two kinds of character from the beginning—the square Hebrew, used solely for sacred purposes, and a ruder form of the same letters, which was applied to all secular purposes. I maintain that God wrote the Ten Commandments in the square Hebrew, and we have instances of the ruder form of character being employed at the same time in the inscriptions recently deciphered by Mr. Forster." We fancy we can hear our readers exclaim—*Jam satis!* So we say, That will do, for the present.

*Clouds and Sunshine in the Morning of Life.* (London: Routledge. 1860.) We cannot discover many points of interest in this story. The characters are unnatural, and the conversations commonplace. Two motherless girls are left in the guardianship of their maternal aunts, who resolve to educate them on different systems. Kate, the younger sister, a high-spirited, strong-minded, and generous girl, is sent to school, while Fanny, the elder, of a retiring, studious, and romantic disposition, is educated at home, under the superintendence of her aunt, whose mind is of the same stamp as her own, and who is devotedly attached to her niece. Two gentlemen of very opposite characters appear upon the scene. Sir William Knight, a grave and intellectual baronet, appears to fascinate the pensive Fanny; and Harry Lee, a merry and brave young officer, is destined by the parents of both to wed the lively Kate. Affairs, however, are differently arranged. Fanny becomes the wife of Captain Lee, and follows him to the Crimea, where her love of romance and adventure are the occasion of many annoyances and serious misfortunes, which are greatly augmented by her want of self-control. Kate, in the meantime, pursues a quiet round of home duties, and after some time accompanies her aunts and a party of friends, who join her sister and her husband in the Crimea. After witnessing many terrible scenes, they all return to England together, and Kate is united to Sir William Knight, and, as the lady of Charlton Abbey, finds ample scope for her energies and benevolence. Many other characters are introduced, and several young people are united to those who are apparently the least qualified to make them happy, the object of the story being, we presume, to show that under such circumstances a sense of duty, and the cultivation of right principles, are sufficient guarantees for contentment and happiness.

*Tales from Blackwood.* (William Blackwood and Sons.) To the admirers of that class of literature which has made the name of Mrs. Crowe so distinguished—to the lovers of tales of concentrated horror and mystery—this month's volume of "Tales from Blackwood" will prove highly acceptable. "The Haunted and the Hauntings," is about the most thrilling ghost story we ever remember to have read. It is drawn with all the proficiency of an artist accustomed to deal with the sombrest tints, and well acquainted with the shortest paths to the weaknesses and emotions of a superstitious mind. The author of this tale, however, which as a ghost story is so perfect, takes half the interest from his work, by endeavouring, in an elaborate manner, at its close, to persuade the reader that it was all quite true, and he enters into a theory of a particularly hazy kind, by which he succeeds in very completely mystifying himself. The reprints before us are singularly liberal in horrors; as the tale we have just mentioned, "The Smuggler's Leap," and "The Fatal Repast," witness. "The Vision of Cagliostro" is an effort of more than ordinary talent, and will be read with interest.

*The Great Royal Scottish Volunteer Review.* By Ernest Ralph Vernon. (Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.) To those persons who were so fortunate as to form a portion of the army of volunteers present in Holyrood Park on the occasion of the great review referred to in this little work, its pages, containing, as they do, quite a small army-list of their names, will be very interesting. To the rest of the public, who would naturally be more pleased with an account of a proceeding which they

did not witness, than with what may be more properly called a memento of a pageant in which they took no part, the work will not be quite so pleasing. What we mean to say is, that the work has more merit as a record than as a description. The "concluding remarks," commencing at page 46, and running their dreary length to page 115, consist entirely of the army-list before referred to, together with memoranda of the orders for the day *verbatis*. What description there is, however, is good description, and we have no doubt that the information supplied will prove highly useful to those most interested.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

"Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" for October.—"Blackwood" is as Conservative in philosophy as it has ever been in politics. The number commences with an article entitled, "Seeing is Believing." The subject is the so-called recent spiritual manifestations. The article ought to be read in connection with a paper in the "Cornhill Magazine," which lately excited so much attention. "Blackwood" is certainly no loser by the contrast. The writer is most careful and philosophical in his treatment of the subject, which fully reflects the spirit of the *Novum Organum*. Those who have read in old numbers the amusing adventures of "Tickler among the Thieves," will be delighted to witness the apparition of Tickler the Second. The article on the "Reputed Traces of Prehistoric Man" is another instance of "Blackwood's" Conservatism in science. It will be recollected that, some time ago, people were considerably startled by the announcement of a recent discovery in France of supposed indications of the discovery of the human race in remote ages, long anterior to the date generally assigned to the race Adamique. The author discusses the question at great length, and with much learning and acumen. His point of view may best be gathered from his concluding sentence:—"In conclusion, then, of the whole inquiry, condensing into one expression my answer to the general question, Whether a remote pre-historic antiquity for the human race has been established from the recent discovery of specimens of man's handiwork in the so-called diluvium, I maintain it is not proven, by no means asserting that it can be disproved, but insisting simply that it remains—*Not proven*." "Norman Sinclair" continues to be an excellent story, but we wish that its author earned a fortune by a less stereotyped way than an advertisement in the "Times," which led to something "greatly to his advantage."

The "Cornhill Magazine" for October.—In the present number Mr. Thackeray concludes his papers on "The Georges," Mr. Sala concludes his papers on "William Hogarth," and Mr. Lewes concludes his paper on "Physiological Riddles." Mr. Thackeray's researches have not enabled him to add anything to the current stock of anecdotes respecting George the Fourth; those he tells are pretty well known. The "Art Journal" of last month would have supplied him with a new one. It seems very probable that the insult which the king offered to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was suffering from a disease of the heart, had the effect of rapidly accelerating the great painter's death. In the Regent Mr. Thackeray has of course found a fertile and easy subject for sarcasm, and we need scarcely say that he has made the most of it. The concluding apotheosis of Washington snatches very clearly of the American audience before whom these lectures were originally delivered. Mr. Sala's papers have evidenced great research and some ability, although their general effect has been considerably marred by the obvious and absurd imitation of Mr. Thackeray which has characterised them throughout. If not the most learned, or witty, or clever, or profound subject of the "Cornhill," "Framley Parsonage" is always the easiest and pleasantest reading of the whole. The hundred thousand readers who are interested in the fortunes of Mr. Trollope's heroines will find, to their great amusement, that Miss Dunstable is evidently to marry Dr. Thorne, and that Lord Dumbello has proposed to Griselda Grantly. Matrimony is generally the consummation of a story, but we sincerely trust that we are not to gather from these hints at

marriage that Mr. Trollope is shortly to bring his fascinating tale to an end. The admirable manner in which Mr. Thackeray contrives to favour the public with articles on the most important subjects of the day is very observable. We have this month a paper on "The Situation of the Moment in Italy," and another on "England's Future Bulwarks." This last article most justly censures the Government for not listening to Sir De Lacy Evans on the subject of defending London. The idea of the article is, that we should have a large number of floating batteries of the new scientific construction that will render them invulnerable. "Our future bulwarks" says the author, "must be iron." Two other articles cannot fail to elicit the greatest attention, from the celebrated names affixed to them; some prose by Mr. Ruskin, and some poetry by Mrs. Browning. This excellent number is excellently concluded by the editor's Roundabout paper, "De Juventile." Mr. Thackeray is beginning to pick a pretty quarrel with our contemporary the "Saturday Review."

"Macmillan" opens with an article in its most substantial style, on "The Use of English Classical Literature in the Work of Education," by the Rev. H. G. Robinson, of the Training College, York. It is full of the most valuable remarks on a vexed question, and will be pregnant with instruction for all who are interested in the education of themselves or others. The author prescribes a number of excellent rules for making English literature an instrument of mental training, starting with the general principle that for all such purposes an English author must be studied as carefully and as deeply as a Greek one. Mr. Fawcett contributes an article on "Co-operative Societies." It contains one or two thoughtful observations, but, on the whole, is scarcely adequate. This is followed by the third and fourth chapters of the Legend, "Kyles-Jock, and the Weird of Wanton-Walls." "The Ammergau Mystery" is a tolerably written description of the extraordinary drama which is enacted every ten years in the valleys of Bavaria, and of which an account has already appeared in our own columns. The continuation of "Tom Brown" takes us down to Barton Manor, a change not unrefreshing after the excitement of the Oxford Commemoration. "Three Weeks' Loafing in Arran," notwithstanding the unnecessary slang of the title, is a very readable description of one of the most beautiful of the western isles of Scotland. To that large portion of the public who are confined to the mud and uproar of London, the transference to the green hills and sea breezes of Arran is more than welcome. The author considers that he is justified in using the word "loafers," because there is no more expressive term. We beg to remind him that anybody can write expressive English if the whole dictionary of slang is at his disposal. The employment of such words always indicates either indolence or bad taste. "History and Casuistry" is the title given by the Rev. F. D. Maurice to some comments on a note in Mr. Froude's sixth volume, relative to the part which Sir William Cecil took in the reconciliation between England and Rome. We can only say that, to our minds, the casuistry seems to belong to the writer of the article rather than to the author of the history.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT announce for appearance in October, "The Valley of a Hundred Fires," by the author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids," &c., 3 vols.; "A Book about Doctors," by Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, in 2 vols.; "A Cruise in the Pacific, from the Log of a Naval Officer," edited by Capt Aylmer, 2 vols.; and "Dauntous Manor House," a novel in 3 vols.

AMONG the literary novelties of the coming season, we hear that Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. have announced a translation of Von Wieland's most interesting romance "The Abderites"; it is to be given to the world by the Rev. Henry Christmas. The work, which is one of the most pungently satirical character, will have the additional title of "The Republic of Fools," and will be followed by an investigation into Philosophical Romance, from the time of Plato to that of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

## BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Alexander the Great, Life of, by Williams, 3rd edition, 18mo., 8s. 6d. Tegg.  
 Beard (J. R.), Rational Primer, or First Reader, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Simpkin.  
 Berkeley (M. J.), Outlines of British Fungology, 8vo., 20s. Reevo.  
 Blanchard (E. L.), Handy Book on Dinners, 12mo., 1s. Adamson.  
 Bronte (Miss), Shirley, new edition, 12mo., 6s. Smith and Elder.  
 Bronte (Miss), Villette, new edition, 12mo., 6s. Smith and Elder.  
 Bronte (Miss), Wuthering Heights, new edition, 12mo., 6s. Smith and Elder.  
 Charnier (Captain), The Sancy Arthuras, 12mo., 2s. Bentley.  
 Chantre (Charlotte), Over the Cliffs, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. Smith and Elder.  
 Collins (Wilkie), Woman in White, 3rd edition, post 8vo., 31s. 6d. Low.  
 Cox (J.), Similitudes and Substance, 32mo., 1s. 6d. Simpkin.  
 Cumming (Rev. John), The Great Tribulation, 7th edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d. Bentley.  
 Cumming (Rev. John), Redemption Draweth Nigh, or Great Preparation, 12mo., 7s. 6d. Bentley.  
 Dick (T.), The Christian Philosopher, new edition, 12mo., 4s. Griffin.  
 Dudley Castle Miscellany, 12mo., 2s. Simpkin.  
 Dumas (A.), Russian Gipsy, or Palace of Ice, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Lea.  
 Forbes (J. D.), Reply to some Remarks on "Tyndall's Glaciers of the Alps," 8vo., 1s. Black. Edinburgh.  
 Forster (J. C.), Surgical Diseases of Children, 8vo., 1s. 6d. W. Parker.  
 Fresenius (C. R.), System of Instruction in Quantitative Chemical Analysis, 3rd edition, 8vo., 16s. Churchill.  
 Fugitives of the Cevennes Mountains, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Tresidder.  
 Gibb's (W.), Hand-book of Scrolls, &c., 4th series, 5s. each. Griffin.  
 Graduated Series Reading Lesson Book, Book 1, 12mo., 1s. Longman.  
 Great Eastern Log, by an Executive Officer, 12mo., 1s. Bradbury and Evans.  
 Guy (J.), School Geography, 20th edition, 12mo., 2s. Simpkin.  
 Handships Made Easy, post 8vo., 1s. J. Blackwood.  
 Helen, a Romance of Real Life, by Raymond Lock, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. Saunders and Otley.  
 Heroes of Our Time, by Author of "Famous Boys," 2nd edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Darton.  
 Hogg (R.), Fruit Manual, 12mo., 3s. 6d. "Cottage Gardener" Office.  
 Hole (Jas.), "Light, More Light," Education Among the Working Classes of Leeds, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Longman.  
 Hollingshead (J.), Odd Journeys in and Out of London, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Groombridge.  
 Howard (J. H.), Athletic and Gymnastic Exercises, 12mo., 7s. 6d.  
 Johnson's Domestic Practice of Hydrotherapy, new edition, 8vo., 6s. Simpkin.  
 Johnston's War Map of Italy, 8vo., 2s. 6d. Staniford.  
 Kelly (C.), Bar Companion and Licensed Victualler's Adviser, 12mo., 2s. Lea.  
 Kingston (W. H.), Digby Heathcote, Early Days of a Country Gentleman, 12mo., 5s. Routledge.  
 Knox (J. H.), Norman Hamilton, Shadow of Destiny, 12mo., 2s. Lea.  
 Lytton (E. B.), Devereux, library edition, vol. 2, 12mo., 5s. Blackwood.  
 Lytton (E. B.), Paul Clifford, cheap edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Routledge.  
 Meech (Alderman), How to Farm Profitably, new edition, 12mo., 5s. and 3s. 6d. Routledge.  
 Miller (T.), Langtry on the Sea, or Love and Duty, 12mo., 1s. Martin.  
 Nelson (Lord), Life of, by Southey, 5th edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Tegg.  
 Nelson (M.), Emigrant's Daughter, a Novel, Historic and Moral, 12mo., 5s. Saunders and Otley.  
 Nelson (M. E.), My Wife's Pin Money, or The Marriage in Extremes, 12mo., 5s. Saunders and Otley.  
 Osborn (Captain), My Journal in Malayan Waters, 12mo., 5s. Routledge.  
 Railway Library—Gore (Mrs.), Cecil, or Adventures of a Coxcomb, 12mo., 2s. Routledge.  
 Ramsay (E. B.), Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character, 7th edition, 12mo., 6s. Hamilton.  
 Ramsay (W.), Elementary Manual of Latin Prosody, post 8vo., 2s. Griffin.  
 Sargent (G. E.), The Maredens, or Struggles in Life, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Tresidder.  
 Scott (Sir W.), Waverley Novels, vols. 29 and 30—Peveril of the Peak, vols. 2 and 3, Illustrated, 12mo., 4s. 6d. each.  
 Scott (Sir W.), Waverley Novels, railway edition—Surgeon's Daughter, 12mo., 1s. 6d. and 2s.  
 Sea-Weeds, Edited by Rev. C. Johns, 1s. Christian Knowledge Society.  
 Smith's Lecture on Church Music, 8vo., 1s. Richardson.  
 Stanton (T. H.), Family and School Geography, 12mo., 5s. Bentley.  
 Sword and Gun, by Author of "Guy Livingstone," 12mo., 4s. 6d. J. W. Parker.  
 Traits of Character, Twenty-five Years' Recollections by a Contemporary, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. Hurst and Blackett.  
 Travels not Far from Home, by A. St. Heller, post 8vo., 10s. 6d. J. Blackwood.  
 Truthful Stories for the Young, by Author of "Chickseed without Chickweed," 16mo., 2s. 6d. Darton.  
 Turnley's One Thousand Golden Thoughts, 32mo., 1s. Holmes.  
 Vaughan (R. A.), Hours with the Mystics, 2nd edition, 2 vols., 12mo., 12s. J. W. Parker.  
 Virchan (H.), Cellular Pathology, as Based upon Physiological and Pathological Histology, 8vo., 16s. Churchill.

Virgil. Notes by Bryce, Life by Thompson, post 8vo., 8s. 6d. Griffin.  
 Warlock, by "The Old Sailor," 12mo., 1s. 6d. Routledge.

## The Literary Gazette.

## MR. MUDIE'S MONOPOLY.

The great plague began in a corner. The great fire began in a corner. Mr. Mudie began in a corner. Like the contagion, and like the conflagration, Mr. Mudie has spread. We believe him to have been the very dutiful and ambitious son of a very respectable stationer, who had very considerable method, and whose son has come to have very considerable means. Everybody who remembers anything, will remember Mr. Mudie's little shop leading out of Holborn. To no mean purpose did he stand behind that counter. That little shop, in that little slum, was the beginning of the great monopolist who now trades up all the floors of one side of one street. It was the Pudding-Lane of his career. He was breaking out. Mr. Mudie never comes forth now with a fund of civil things to say to ladies in their carriages. He is better known, perhaps, than any man in England—known to people who read books with a sort of reverence as a man who gives a great deal for a guinea—known to "the trade," with a sort of feeling that isn't reverence or love exactly, as a man who well likes to get a great deal for a guinea. We do not know that Mr. Mudie is at all so necessary a person as seems to be thought. We are not underrating his influence, but there is a great public who overstate it very much. Mr. Mudie does nothing that he does not do in a great way, with only this exception. He is the greatest buyer, and perhaps the least payer, in the three kingdoms. His futurity, if he could choose it, would be "half-price." He would bargain for an eternity where the terms were "cash." Now this might be very well if buyers were an universal people, but there are such persons about as sellers. Mr. Mudie's system is infinitely simple. He says—"Pay me a guinea, and you shall have so many volumes all the year round." The public are coaxed to like the offer. One pound one is forthcoming, and, by and by the dearer libraries show signals of distress. The guineas come in by thousands. Mr. Mudie wants more room. He pulls down his near neighbour's house, and absorbs the area. He goes to the publishers', and very blandly he says—"I will take an edition if you will let me have it at half-price." So Mr. Mudie gets a guinea book for ten shillings, and tells the public, when it is well worn, that he is selling it at a "greatly reduced price" by taking seven. By and by the publishers see to what this leads. Mr. Mudie is now understood to be the autocrat of New Oxford Street. He walks about as a man would who can have his own way, and means to have it. The publishers are in his power; and he makes them feel it. His smile is now less bland, more critical, and more firm. "I will take twenty-five copies, or fifty copies, or one hundred copies, or five hundred copies, or whatever number it may be, at half-price." "No," says the publisher, who was cajoled in a weak moment to listen when it was an edition. "Very well," replies Mr. Mudie, who we understand will not touch a book he cannot buy at half-price, "then I won't take any." By and by the public, who believe anything, want the book. Of course it isn't to be had at Mr. Mudie's. His young men, with one consent, begin to make excuses. "It isn't out," says one; "It isn't a proper book," says another; and so on, with much of the sanctimonious air learnt upstairs—the public believing that the payment of a guinea secures good faith as well as good books. The people who support this unhealthy monopoly do not know how Mr. Mudie keeps it up. Perhaps they don't much care to know; but the whole tendency of

this is most disastrous to the interests of the book world. It does not immediately concern us to show that all the publishers and booksellers are now losing a great deal that Mr. Mudie may get so much, and that they have lent themselves to a system from which they can hardly disconnect themselves. It has been well said that the question is no longer the value of a copyright, but what number Mr. Mudie will take. Monopolies are at all times indifferent things to everyone but the monopolists. The omnibus service, without competition, soon gets remarkable for its inefficiency, or insolence, or both. It is very well when it begins. It promises a great deal. It is so cheap. The man behind is so civil. But this does not last. There is nothing about it to endure. The conductor never has change. It is still very cheap, but odd people begin to think it is getting gross. When Mr. Mudie's resources began to be put out, people said that he was a great man. Now, it grievously spoils many to say so, and it straightforwardly very much spoiled Mr. Mudie. He felt that all their guineas not only filled his pocket, but gave him power. He now began to feel that he was a monopolist; it was very delicious to such a man, who had risen from a side street to a whole street; it became a means for taking liberties which he has the power to take with an air that vastly little becomes him. Here, then, was the greatest library in the world a monopoly. It was soon apparent that the principles of the proprietor were to be pushed with the trade. It may be said that this is Mr. Mudie's own affair, and that the public have the remedy, if they wish to apply it. If Mr. Mudie will only say *why* he does not take a book when he declines it, there will be an end to the most offensive part of the monopoly. But it is not likely that Mr. Mudie, who has come in for a very considerable inheritance of shrewdness, would say what he thinks, or what he feels, or there would be those inclined to smile at the liberties of one so little calculated to be a judge, when he said, "I am a Dissenter; I decline this book because it will do my cause a great deal of harm, and the Church a little good." It is always a great mischief when a person like Mr. Mudie, with so much power, and so little taste, is in a position to back opinions at the public cost. It is entirely between Mr. Mudie and his subscribers, if, when he declines a book, he will not decline his reasons. Mr. Mudie cannot do this wrong, of suppressing a book that he personally dislikes, to any but an unknown writer. He can crush the beginner that he does not like. It is nothing for him to say that he is irresponsible for the answers volunteered by the young men of his congregation below stairs. Were this not a monopoly rendered positively overbearing by a certain patronage, Mr. Mudie would very readily do what he does not do, and what he is paid to do—circulate *all* such books as were asked for, unless *generally* condemned, and not because one little party, that he perhaps represents, does not happen to think well of them. When he desires to crush a book, let him be heard to say so. But the public ought to know that over Mr. Mudie's counter they are very often told that books are not out which have been published weeks, and that they cannot be got simply because Mr. Mudie is determined not to get them, or cannot get them on his own terms. We are almost afraid we shall be administering to his vanity when we tell him that his library is nearly an institution; but then he must be told that he has got to where he is because the public have used him. He is not a great deal as he is, but destroy his monopoly and he would be yet much less. If he is not to be reached as a tradesman, he may be got at as a preacher, and Mr. Mudie should think of the soul of his young men, when they, in their hirer's interest, tell young ladies that such and such books, which have been a long time out, are not out at all. Mr. Mudie should have left all these little tricks behind the counter of the little shop in the little side street. He may be said to have got to himself unlimited power. He may be said to control the book world, and where such power and control have not a limit, a great deal that is not well may come of their exercise in the hands of one whose position has grown beyond his own control. This librarian, amongst other things, has assumed to be in the literary world a public censor,

What we should like to ask is—has he the capacity for such an office? Do the public know that Mr. Mudie aspires to lead their tastes? Do they accept him as a critic of what they should read or leave unread? Do they mean to take him as the judge of what volumes will not harm them? Mr. Mudie very naturally feels himself now in a position to give effect to his own opinions. He can take or refuse whatever literature he likes, and, as a decided sectarian, we may be pretty sure to what this will tend. As we have said, it is a matter undoubtedly between Mr. Mudie and his own subscribers, if he would only let his subscribers know the *real* reason of his rejection of any particular work. Mr. Mudie has only to set himself against an author, or against a book, or against a publisher, and a great injustice is done. As far as he is concerned neither the author nor the book can find a public. If Mr. Mudie would come down stairs and say, "I decline this book because I am personally opposed to its principles," the issue would be sufficiently distinct. Such an expression of opinion would be thought beside the business of a man who keeps a public library. It may be very near a liberty for one of his standing to give himself the airs of a critic; but, as with other tradesmen, there would be the remedy of leaving him. In New Oxford Street Mr. Mudie's opposition assumes a very different form. If the master of the establishment takes unkindly to a book, the supple young men below know how to act. "It isn't out" although it may have had a month's hard reading elsewhere, or any other excuse that does not happen to be the truth. What we mean is, that not only does Mr. Mudie exercise a most disastrous influence in the book world by the manner of his dealings with the booksellers and publishers, who have now found out the scourge they have created for themselves, but here we have man exercising unlimited power, and making his own monopoly the means to achieve the success of his own sectarian opinions.

We have always understood that some four or five years since one of the most popular novels of the day issuing from Great Marlborough Street was tabooed by Mr. Mudie because *he* did not like its name. It would of course have been found impossible seriously to advance such a reason. Entirely ridiculous, it would have been almost offensive, so "it wasn't out," and the public were led to believe that a book they couldn't get, which had been withheld from them to gratify a morbid whim, was not to be reading for them, because "it wasn't out." And if our readers will take the trouble to inquire into this themselves, and will not be satisfied with every such excuse to keep from them some book, they will find that these liberties, taken at their expense, are very much increasing.

Mr. Mudie, we believe, undertakes that "all the best works," in all departments, shall be freely supplied. Is he the best, or is he a tolerable judge, or is he any judge, of "all the best works?" Such an advertisement may do to bring him guineas, but is it true? Does not Mr. Mudie often set himself against one of the leading works of the day, and assign as a cause of its rejection that it cannot be got? Here is not only an injustice done to a book, but to the subscribers; and it is the more entirely an injustice, because it was not suffered to be known that Mr. Mudie's personal antipathy was the cause of its suppression. It is only very exceptional when every one likes a book. One of the greatest authoresses of the age once said to us, "That she wondered how any one could read 'Adam Bede,'" and so to prosecute any book after Mr. Mudie's manner could be only effectually carried out by the cut and dry excuses of his *employés*, who give every reason in their hirer's interest but the true one. The booksellers are complaining, the publishers are complaining—both interests are alike vitally concerned to see the end of this monopoly. They have only to combine and act together to put it down. There are plenty of other libraries where the principals, quite as fit to be critical, do not attempt to become critics.

The publishers and the booksellers will do well to remember that by any action in concert, Mr. Mudie's encroachments may be summarily checked, and this monopoly put an end to. Let us have Mr. Mudie and his yellow labels, by all means; but let us have him as a convenience, not as a critic.

## THE WEEK

September ends gloomily, and husbandmen share the gloom. Meteorologists croak, millers cackle. Pleasure ends, and much care begins. Grouse shooting has ended in the Highlands with all but a few determined shots; and partridge shooting has been impracticable in uncut fields of corn jealousy overlooked by anxious agriculturalists. Snow and stubble fields are likely to be synchronous. By northern steamers arrive wearied dogs, jaded horses, and disappointed sportsmen. We must expect a severe winter; not so much of storms, ice, and fog, as of *ennui*. So many have staid at home, and so many have gone from home, and returned with nothing in the travelling wallet, that we must anticipate peculiar dearth in incidents of foreign travel.

Parliamentarians, let loose upon their constituents, are not brilliant. The haze of St. Stephen's dims them still. They endeavour to account for what they have done, and for what might have been done—if they had had their way. England rejects the confessional box in the parish church, but sets it up in the town-hall and temperance-hall, and the member who makes a clean breast of his shortcomings, or who successfully bothers parochial inquisitors, receives municipal *absolution*, perhaps aldermanic benediction, and a banquet of fat things. The lawyers are away in Vallombrosa, or in the camp of Garibaldi. Probably in the latter, as they like a winning cause and sharp practice. Doctors are drinking the waters at Baden or Badenoch; and artists, vagrants by profession, are tempting Providence on crag or beach, or creating riot in the hotel, or sensation in the palace.

But the long vacation will soon be at an end, and we shall all, doubtless, fit into our proper places when work has to be done. Meanwhile the tarry-at-home-world discusses, as best it can, tobacco and the positive philosophy, pale ale and metaphysics, taking a run occasionally into the cool air of poesy to enable it to digest much prose in pickles.

The past week has been like many weeks before it, neither very prolific in events nor very barren. If we could weigh the weeks, in truth they would all be found as ponderous, to an ounce, in events, as exact in time to the ecliptic. The week has had its smiles and its frowns, its gains and its losses. We usually attach more importance to the latter than to the former. We register misfortune rigorously, and are reticent on the score of blessings. Yet surely that was a great misfortune—an overwhelming catastrophe—that of the steamer *Lady Elgin*, on the Lake Michigan, where we may condole with the bereft, contemplate the helplessness of man, and yet demand whether he has not been the agent of his own helplessness. It is the grossest fatalism which says what is done cannot be helped, without adding, what has been done need not be repeated. These are questions, however, which we cannot discuss with Providence, unless to prove ourselves altogether ignorant of His secret counsels. The loss on this occasion of Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P., the proprietor of the "Illustrated London News," and the loss also of his son, as it is believed, has created a painful feeling in the public mind, which is as prompt in its sympathy with his family. These fearful accidents on sea and shore would seem to be almost restricted to America, where Saxon enterprise is joined to more than ordinary Saxon energy and recklessness.

While the Association for the Promotion of Social Science has been holding its session at Glasgow, it is pleasing to find how often this science, without the name of science, is in practical operation. Lady Londonderry addresses her tenants, urging upon them frugality and attention to the interests of their offspring. The Duke of Northumberland, lay rector of Tynemouth, presents £30,000 for endowments in that quarter, and in a humbler way the minister of Clare Market Chapel is endeavouring to raise a small fund, to erect a shelter in that dense and postilient quarter for children and adults, and for other philanthropic purposes.

The sewing-machine has now its own statistics. An extension of the patent of this machine for seven years has been granted to Mr. Elias Howe. The importance of this machine to the United States is

estimated at £70,000,000 per year. Its saving in New York alone, in men and boys' clothing is £1,500,000 annually; in hats and caps, £92,500; in shirt-fronts, £168,750. In boots and shoes, in Massachusetts alone, the machine effects a saving of £1,500,000. It has revolutionised thirty-seven departments of manufactures.

## MUSIC.

## THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

The thirteenth Norwich Musical Festival, which occupied Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week, has been a very great success. These triennial meetings at Norwich are greatly conducive to art, and of important benefit to the local charities. The committee consisted of many of the most distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of the country.

The Principal Vocal Performers were Madame Clara Novello (her farewell appearance in Norwich), Madlle. Titiens (her first appearance in Norwich), Madame Weiss, Miss Palmer, Madame Borghi-Mamo (her first appearance in Norwich), Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, Mr. Wilbey Cooper, Mr. Suntley, Mr. Weiss, and Signor Belletti.

The chorus consisted of 75 trebles, 60 altos, 60 tenors, and 65 basses; total, 260.—Conductor, Mr. Benedict; organist, Mr. Harcourt; leader of rehearsals, Mr. Bray; chorus master, Mr. J. F. Hill; librarian, Mr. Goodwin. This, however otherwise perfect list of performers, was rendered imperfect by the unseemly niggardliness of the sub-committee, who, in the rudest manner, after asking Madame Sainton-Dolby's terms, and being replied to, as good as told her she was not worth the money, a fact as yet nowhere understood but amongst the leathern-eared sub-committee of the Norwich Festival for 1860. On Monday evening there was a performance, at reduced prices, of Haydn's "Creation," which was well attended. This oratorio is so well known that it requires no comment from us. Tuesday evening was devoted to a miscellaneous concert, of which the following programme was issued:—

## PART I.

Symphony - - - - - Beethoven.  
Selection from "Armidia" - - - - - Glück.

## FROM ACT II.

Recitative and Duet—Hirnnot and Armina—  
"Here let me rest a while." "Ye powers  
of hate and anger," Madame Clara  
Novello and Mr. Suntley.

Air—Holand—"Here the balmy air," Mr.  
Sims Reeves.

## FROM ACT III.

Grand Scene—Armina—"Ah! If I must  
obey," Madame Clara Novello.  
Recitative—"He loves me," Madame Clara  
Novello.

Invocation to Hate—"Appeal awake."

Grand Concerted Piece—Armina—"Hate,"  
and Chorus, Madame Clara Novello and  
Madame Weiss.

"I appear at thy call," Madame Weiss.  
"Love shall no longer reign"—To the  
end of the Act.

"The Soldier's Dream," Mr. Weiss. H. Glover.

Concerto in G Minor—Pianoforte, Miss  
Arabella Goddard. Mendelssohn.

Scena and Aria—"Papita incerta l' anima,"  
Madame Borghi-Mamo (Otello). Rossini.

Ballad—"When the moon is brightly," Mr.  
Sims Reeves. Molique.

Song—"Sister far," Miss Palmer. J. Davison.

Song and Chorus—"To please and then in-  
struct mankind," Madame Weiss. "In  
peans loud" (Hypatia).

Quartetto—"A te o cara," Madlle. Titiens,  
Signor Giuglini, Mr. Suntley, and Signor  
Belletti (I Puritani). Bellini.

## PART II.

Overture—Masenello. Auber.

Duo—"Là ci darem la mano," Madame  
Borghi-Mamo and Mr. Suntley (Don Gio-  
vanini).

Fantasia—Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Mozart.

Aria—"Prendi per me"—Madame Clara No-  
vello (L'Elisir d'Amore). Piatti.

Part. Song (unaccompanied)—"Ye Mariners  
of England," Madlle. Titiens (Norma).

Scena and Aria—"Casta Diva," Madlle.  
Titiens (Norma). Bellini.

Romanza—"Tu m' ami eh si," Signor Giug-  
lini (La Zingara). Baile.

Duo—"I Pescatori," Mosca, Wilbey Cooper  
and Suntley. Gabassi.

Neapolitan Air—"Santa Lucia," Madame  
Borghi-Mamo. Braga.

Overture—Zampa. Herold.

The most noticeable feature was the resuscitation of Gluck's "Armidia," an opera written by a com-

poser who throughout treats the voice as a part of the mechanism of the human body, and not as an instrument. Its grace, melodic phrasing, and skilful harmonisation, place it amongst the master-pieces of art; but it was comparatively coldly received by the audience. Miss Arabella Goddard's playing of the G minor "Concerto," by Mendelssohn, was, as usual, perfection. Molique's song is a gem, and an endeavour to *encore* it, by some of Mr. Sims Reeves' friends, failed. Miss Palmer, the young vocalist engaged to supply Madame Sainton-Dolby's place, made her *début* in a song by Mr. J. W. Davison, admirably chosen for her purpose. Of course, Madlle. Titiens was the *furor* of the evening, the "Casta Diva" being, in the opinion of the good folks of Norwich, much greater music than the "Lé ci darem" of Mozart! Of Mr. Pierson's part song, and its enthusiastic reception, which amounted to an *encore*, very little need be said, further than that the composer is a local celebrity, neither very profound nor agreeable in his compositions, but well known in Norwich.

On Wednesday morning Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," and Spohr's "Last Judgment" were performed. Handel is too well known to claim any lengthened space here, further than to mention that Mr. Weiss sang "Thou art the King of Glory" with the fervour of a musician who believed what he uttered; and Mr. Harper, in the obligato trumpet part, thrilled the audience by his clear and masterly playing. To Norwich, and to Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of music, the world is indebted for Spohr's oratorio, "The Last Judgment." It was first introduced to this country at the Norwich Festival of 1830, and however it may be the fashion, and in music there is as great an amount of fashion as in dress, to decry Spohr, yet "The Last Judgment" will always take its place as one of the finest oratorios which have ever been written.

The miscellaneous concert of Wednesday evening opened with Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," of which we spoke in our notice of the Worcester Festival a fortnight since. The selection then followed in the subsequent order:—

Scena—"Ah! come rapida," Madame Borghi-  
Mamo (Il Crociato). Moyerbeer.  
Recitative and Aria—"By him betrayed,"  
Mr. Suntley (Diego di Lara). Benedict.  
Ballad—"Ah! why do we love," Madame  
Weiss (Don Quixote). Macfarren.  
Quartetto—"Buona notte," Madlle. Titiens,  
Madame Borghi-Mamo, Signor Giuglini  
and Belletti (Marta). Flotow.  
Fantasia—Pianoforte, "Home, sweet home,"  
Miss Arabella Goddard. Thalberg.  
Aria—"Per la gloria," Signor Belletti,  
Part Song (accompanied)—"To Arms,"  
H. Pierson.  
New Ballad—"The Sailor's Wife," Miss  
Palmer. Hatton.  
Quartetto—"Un di se ben rammentonu,"  
Madame Clara Novello, Madame Borghi-  
Mamo, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Bel-  
letti (Rigoletto). Verdi.

## PART II.

Symphony—No. 5. Haydn.  
Aria—"Robert roi que l'aime," Madame  
Clara Novello (Robert le Diable). Moyerbeer.  
Song—"Sweet love, good night to thee," Mr.  
Sims Reeves. Hatton.  
Fantasia—Violin, Mr. Sainton. Salton.  
Scena and Aria—"Crudel" and "Non mi  
dir," Madlle. Titiens (Don Giovanni). Mozart.  
Duo—"La dove prendi," Madame and Mr.  
Weiss (Il Flauto Magico).

Scena and Romanza—"Assisa a pie d'un  
salice," Madame Borghi-Mamo (Otello). Rossini.  
Harp Obligato, Mr. Trust. Rossini.  
Romanza—"M'appari," Signor Giuglini. Flotow.  
Duet for Two Pianofortes—"Our favourite  
themes from the Huguenots," Miss Arabella  
Goddard and Mr. Benedict. Osborne.

Song—"The doubting heart," Mr. Wilbey  
Cooper. Hullah.

Duo—"Che l'antipatica," Signor Belletti and  
Mr. Suntley (Chiara di Rosenberg). Ricci.

Overture—Der Freischütz, Weber.

Thursday morning was an eventful day. Norwich, true to its traditions, ushered in the new work of a composer who has long been known to the classical musician as one of the most classical writers living. Molique's new oratorio, "Abraham," was performed for the first time, and, as some account of its construction is necessary to enable our readers to understand what the composer has illustrated by his art, we append a digest of "the book":—

"The persons in Molique's oratorio are Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, Isaac, two angels, and a messenger, giving opportunity for employing the following

voices:—Soprano solos: Angel, Hagar, Isaac; Alto solos: Angel, Sarah; Baritone solo: Abraham; Bass solo: messenger. In addition to these there is a tenor (solo) to whom no fixed character is given. After the first chorus 'Blessed is the man,' Abraham is commanded in a recitative to depart from his country; in answer to which he has an air wherein he prays for guidance from the Lord. The departure of the Patriarch is then narrated in a short recitative by the tenor, after which we have a quartett, 'Go in peace.' Another tenor recitative announces the arrival of Abraham in Canaan, and also God's promise to give him and his posterity the land. This is followed by an air, blended with chorus, in which Abraham and his people acknowledge the mercies of God towards them. Another tenor recitative continues the narrative, by relating in a few bars the strife which had arisen between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of his brother Lot. Abraham then appeals to his brother in the air 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee.' An angel then appears to Abraham and promises him a son who should be called Isaac, and a posterity whose number should be as the stars and as the sand upon the sea shore; after which the people in a chorus, again exalt God for His goodness. Up to this point, Abraham has been exhibited basking in the sunshine of prosperity; but now a cloud begins to overcast the scene. A messenger arrives with tidings of a war between certain kings and other kings 'from the cities of the plain,' of a battle that had just been fought in the vale of Siddim, of the capture of Lot and all his effects, and of his own solitary escape to tell the tale. This news is conveyed in recitative. The previous recitatives are necessarily merely narrative, but here scope for declamation is afforded. The messenger had been an eye-witness of the calamity which he relates; he comes breathless with haste and reeking from the fight; he has the passion and ardour with which men love to bring intelligence of evil. To Abraham this report is as the touch of Ithuriel's spear. In a brief recitative, followed by a spirited air, he excites his people to arm for the rescue. Then follows a choral prayer invoking aid from on high.

"After this a tenor solo briefly relates the success of the expedition in which Abraham recovered 'Lot, and his goods, and the people,' their return being painted by means of a military march. Abraham offers up thanks to God in a recitative, and the people pour out their gratitude and praise in a grand chorus, which terminates the first part of the oratorio.

"It will be seen that there has been a slight transposition of events for the sake of introducing variety into the musical composition. Thus the announcement of the birth of Isaac, which follows the captivity and rescue of Lot in the history, is made to precede it in the oratorio; but this was necessary in order to relieve the monotony which must have been produced by giving all the solos to male voices.

"The second part opens with a air (allegro) for a soprano voice, 'I will extol Thee, my God.' The promise that Abraham should be 'A father of many nations,' is now repeated in a recitative (tenor), and the consequent expression of gratitude and joy is allotted to a trio, for alto, tenor, and bass, the characters being left to the imagination of the audience. A bass recitative, followed by a fiery chorus then denounces Divine wrath upon the cities of the plain.

"This introduces the memorable conference between the Almighty and Abraham, in which the latter intercedes for the devoted cities. An angel (soprano) is the vehicle of communication, and the dialogue is carried on in recitative. In a recitative which follows (alto) the Lord is described as looking down to see if there were any righteous, and the negative response is given in a plaintive air. This delay to strike is finely imagined and equally well expressed. It is the lull before the storm. A terrific chorus immediately follows, descriptive of the raining down of brimstone and fire from the portals of heaven. The chorus ends with a lento movement—a sinking, as it were, into the stillness of death. After the destruction of the guilty cities, the scene is changed. A tenor recitative relates the birth of Isaac and the 'mockery' of Hagar's son—which paves the way for a dramatic duet between Sarah

and Abraham, wherein the latter vainly strives to appease the anger of his wife. Abraham, being commanded by the angel, in a soprano recitative, to hearken unto the voice of Sarah in the matter, a tenor recitative relates how he dismissed Hagar and her child to wander in the wilderness. A choral follows, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord.' Then a tenor recitative, preceded by a descriptive symphony, narrates the anguish of Hagar when 'The water was spent in the bottle,' and when 'She cast the child under one of the shrubs' that she might not see him die. Hagar gives vent to her agony in a pathetic air. She is comforted by an angel. God opens her eyes and she sees a well of water. The lad is saved, and dwells in the desert, God having promised to make of him 'A great nation.' The grand chorus 'Great is our Lord,' which follows the relation of these events, may be supposed to celebrate the preservation of Hagar and her child, though the words have only a general meaning. The story now approaches the severest trial and grandest climax Abraham's life. God, by the intervention of an angel (in alto recitative), commands him to 'Get into the land of Moriah' for the purpose of offering up 'his only son, Isaac.' Abraham exclaims in recitative, 'The joy of my heart is ceased,' this is the prelude to a scene wherein resignation, grief, and passion struggle in turn for mastery; the stormy bursts at last subside into a feeling of deep despondency; but this very despondency shows that Abraham, though he questioned the fulfilment of the promise concerning Isaac, did not flinch for a moment from his resolve to execute the command which he had received. He is counselled and comforted, it may be by a friend, in the tenor air which follows, 'Pour out thy heart before the Lord.' The air is followed by a few bars of recitative tenor, announcing Abraham's departure, and leading into the pathetic dialogue which really took place between the father and his child. Abraham and Isaac have then each an air in which they supplicate for mercy. The angel of God interposes, in an alto recitative, and renewes the promise of the Divine blessings. Abraham and Isaac pour forth their gratitude in a duet, after which a few bars of recitative (Abraham) lead into the grand chorus, 'Great and marvellous are Thy works,' which concludes the oratorio.

The oratorio was conducted by the composer, and was a decided and worthy success. A first hearing of an important work is not a very safe ground on which to base an opinion of its merits; and as we hope to be present at its early repetition in London, we shall refrain from a detailed criticism on the present occasion, and content ourselves by recording the more noticeable features. The opening air of the second part, "I will extol Thee, my God," is writing of the highest character; it not only is beautiful in itself, but devotional in the best sense of the word. It was excellently sung by Madame Novello. The trio, "Let all those rejoice," is very beautiful, and was well performed. "They have cast away the law of the Lord," was, owing to Miss Palmer's unsteadiness, nearly wrecked at the commencement. We shall be glad to hear this very original and pleasing song under more favourable circumstances. To our thinking, "Hear my prayer," is the most exquisite portion of the solo music. The chorus, "Great is our Lord," is choral writing of no mean character, and was deservedly *encore*. Mr. Santley's singing the music allotted to the part of Abraham was painstaking and worthy of being imitated by all who undertake to give effect to the first performance of a great work. The orchestra, no bad judges of good music, were vehement in their applause. "Abraham" will do credit to Mr. Molique, and must become popular. The success is gratifying, and Norwich can boast of having added another oratorio composed to the list of classical musicians. Mendelssohn's "As the hart pants" concluded the concert.

"Undine," too, is a great success. In it Mr. Benedict has shown a ready fancy, and produced some charming music. Our space prevents our saying more. The "Messiah," that greatest of all themes and work of man's genius, was given on Friday morning; and St. Andrew's Hall was densely filled by the lovers of the sublime and grand old Handel's inspiration. Despite its age—upwards of a century—the "Messiah" is the best and most wonderful of all music; and wherever the

"Messiah" is performed, there it is sure to draw every lover of the majestic master of "great music's mysteries." Its performance was irreproachable.

The Festival was brought to a close by a fancy dress ball, under the auspices of the Duchess of Wellington and many other lady patronesses.

The following have been the numbers present at each performance:—

Monday Evening.....	247 at 10s.....	797 at 5s. 6d.
Tuesday Evening.....	92 at 21s.....	584 at 10s. 6d.
Wednesday Morning.....	236	717
" Evening	93	1236
Thursday Morning.....	127	688
" Evening	161	1184
Friday Morning.....	348	1314

The total receipts amounted to £4,436 12s. At the previous Festival, in 1857, they were £3,604 9s. 6d., which shows an increase in favour of 1860 of £812 2s. 6d.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### HAYMARKET.

The revival of Mr. Falconer's farce, "Does He Love Me," which was represented twice during last season, gives opportunity for the reappearance of Miss Amy Sedgwick, who, to judge from the applause which greets her every night, is as great a favourite as ever with the public. As we have already spoken of the piece, and the Haymarket representation of it, we need only say that it is as good as before. There is one change in the cast worthy of note, and which gives room for the appearance of a new "aspirant to fame" on the London boards—Miss Florence Haydon. We are glad to be able to praise her acting; it is extremely natural and lady-like, and with a little more life and vivacity about it, such as perhaps practice alone can bestow, we believe Miss Haydon will attain a very high position amongst metropolitan favourites.

On Monday next Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison commence the winter season at Covent Garden with "Lurline." Madame Celeste is also about to open the Lyceum with a novelty from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled "The Brigand and His Bunker."

#### SCIENCE.

##### LORD BROUHAM AT GLASGOW.

The fourth annual meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science was opened at Glasgow on Monday last, under the presidency of Lord Brougham. The grand feature of the day was the inaugural discourse of his Lordship, delivered before a brilliant assemblage of the western capital of Scotland, and which was listened to with the attention which is due to the hoary sage, and the delight which is kindled at the fire of eloquence.

It was but natural that his Lordship should commence with a compliment to the city of Glasgow, and that he should remind his listeners of the numerous worthies who have contributed to her fame, and to the gain of universal humanity, by their teachings in her halls of learning, and by discoveries in science pursued within her bounds, which have vastly promoted the arts and commerce of the world. "It was here that Black made those discoveries which have changed the face of natural science more than any since the days of Newton; that Watt gave the invention to the world which has made such an alteration in its aspect, and such a revolution in its fortunes; that Stewart learned, and Simpсон taught, the ancient geometry which he restored; that Reid placed the philosophy of mind upon its firm foundations, and freed it from sceptical cavils; that Millar traced the history of the constitution, and freed it from vulgar errors of an empirical kind as well as those of absolutists; that Smith established those sound doctrines now happily become the faith of practical statesmen as they had long been of the learned—connecting the commercial gains of all nations with the improvements of each, and making their mutual intercourse a mutual and equal benefit and the bond of peace. Nor let it be forgotten that here the great step was made by Birkbeck (on which five-and-thirty years ago I congratulated you) of throwing open to all classes the temple of science, and showing that the highest in-

tellectual cultivation is perfectly compatible with the daily cares and toils of working men. These are proud recollections for Glasgow; and this pride is shared, not envied, by her sister Edinburgh, whose own glories are far too bright to dread being outshone. The hospitable reception for which we are thankful here is given to the East as well as to the South; and, though locally on the Clyde, the congress embraces the Forth, and the Thames, and the Liffey. It is the congress of Scotland, and of England, and of Ireland, and is not even confined within the four seas that surround our insular empire. And here it would be wrong to omit the statement which I made at our first meeting in Birmingham, and many years ago in this place, that the greatest diffusion of knowledge is on no account to be dreaded even by those most subject to political alarms, because the more it is extended the more it humanizes, preventing dangerous errors, inculcating mutual forbearance, imposing self-restraint, dispelling pernicious delusions, securing in all respects the good order and peace of society. It acts like that happy invention we owe to the genius of Watt—the happiest perhaps ever made by man—the governor by which the expansion of steam provides against the risks that it occasions, a security created by the cause of danger, and therefore in exact proportion to the risk." His Lordship next proceeds to mark the progress of social science in past times, and its state at the present day. With this intent he takes a rapid *compte d'œuvre* of the history of parties which have in past times divided both rulers and people:—"In the early part of the last century, after the restoration of peace with France, and the suppression of the first rebellion in Scotland, the contests of party turned chiefly upon personal grounds, whereof the chief was the proportion in which the power and the emoluments of office should be shared by the great families, and the individuals chiefly but not exclusively connected with them, or who had acquired distinction in Parliament. Ministries were formed, or even broken up, not upon any questions of policy, foreign or domestic, but upon the claims of some persons to office—nay, occasionally upon the claim of some individual to one particular office—and the continuance for many years, it might be, of a single individual at the head of affairs, and his removal, formed the sole objects of the two great parties in the state, both of their chiefs in Parliament, and their adherents in the country. If measures were considered, they were viewed only in their bearing upon the personal question, but the conduct of persons occupied all men's minds far more than the merits of their policy, or its results upon the welfare of the community. It has often been observed that Sir R. Walpole had uncontrolled power for 20 years, and that yet no one great measure—no change in our institutions, either for good or evil—can be ascribed to him during that very long reign. His great merits as a ruler have, by all well-informed and considerate persons, been fully acknowledged. He saved the Revolution settlement, when assailed by the most formidable adversaries with a majority of the clergy and landed interest; he kept England out of the German quarrels of two successive sovereigns; and he preserved the peace with her most powerful neighbour. But the only measures of which he was the author were his excise scheme, in which he was defeated by the devices of a faction acting on the multitude; and his Spanish war, into which the same faction and the same mob forced him. That men of rare endowments flourished in these times—indeed of the highest qualities ever displayed in public life—is undeniable; and that their talents fitted them for government in an extraordinary degree is as certain as that by their eloquence they were masters of debate. Besides Walpole, there was Pulteney, of first-rate distinction as an orator, and Bolingbroke, according to all tradition, the very first of modern orators. But their lives were in council devoted to the intrigues of party, in the senate to party eloquence, in office to preserving all things as they had found them; and when Lord Chatham, somewhat later, was at the head of affairs, either in opposition or in the ministry, not only were his whole attacks upon his adversaries confined to purely party grounds, but his own policy shows him so little in advance of his age, that, as regarded France, it was

grounded upon the narrow antiquated notion of natural enmity; and as regarded America, upon the equally narrow and antiquated notion of natural sovereignty. To work out those great principles—to attack all invasion of the one either in alliance or in war, and of the other in government—was the object of his life. Yet so powerful is habit, such the force of routine, he seemed wholly unable to comprehend that it is our first duty by all means to cultivate peace with our nearest neighbours as the first of blessings to both nations, each being able to do the other the most good in amity, the most harm in hostility; but he could only see glory, or even safety, in the precarious superiority grasped by a successful man." The orator proceeds to notice the fundamental differences of opinion which arose out of the American War, upon the great questions of allegiance, popular rights and civil liberty, and how parties became marshalled according to principles "entertained by many, professed by more." These questions were intensified in importance by the great French Revolution, and party was intensified also. "The game of party was played with its usual abuses and in its unavoidable excess." The interest of individuals were concerned in the maintenance of certain principles, whether these principles were honestly entertained or not. Opinions are used to marshal politicians in bands and separate them from others. Place is the real object; principle the pretext they put in. "Opinions become the counters with which the game of faction is played. It cannot be denied that the combination of men to act in concert for the furthering of their honestly-entertained opinions may produce salutary effects in resisting oppression or in recommending a useful policy, and has often this operation. But how often the contrary result has attended the abuse of party union, appears manifest upon examining the history of most of the great controversies which have divided men at various periods. The party which, in opposition, was for retrenchment and peace, transplanted into office, cared little for either. Bills of indemnity, suspensions of the constitution, propounded by their adversaries, were passed by themselves when to those adversaries they had succeeded. The very party which, when in power, made acts of attainder and acts of indemnity its favourite measures, deprived of power was the enemy of both; so that it seemed as if each faction had the privilege of dictating to its adversaries their line of policy by simply adopting one for itself. This mode of dealing with principles and opinions is most pernicious to the morals—not of leading politicians only—but of the whole community. A sacred regard for truth, the foundation of all morals, is sapped and undermined; falsehood is propagated unblushingly, and the most malignant feelings are habitually gratified, it being constantly found that men will both deceive and slander for their party's interest, who are incapable of such faults for their own; and yet they are sinning for their own behoof when they so further the interests of their party. Nor let it be for a moment imagined that of late years, when such high pretensions have been put forward of being governed by great principles—pretensions unknown a century ago—there have not also been petty controversies resorted to, petty intrigues and tricks to promote a friend as ruler, or to get rid of an adversary in that station—intrigues as paltry and as vile as any that can be found in the days of the Walpoles, the Pelhams, and the Pulteneys." But in course of time, his Lordship continues to observe, the minds of men were directed to opinions and principles upon which there could be no diversity of views, and consequently they were placed beyond the field of party conflict. The duty and expediency of a philanthropic policy came to be mooted, and on this subject men of all parties could unite. Opinions here did not lend themselves to party controversy. Those who held them were benefited with the rest of the community, but in every other respect were entirely disinterested. Belonging to this class, the earliest in date, is the subject of the extinction of slavery—the abolition of the traffic in slaves. Lord Brougham observes:—"For the first time statesmen and orators were seen directing their exertions to a subject which no party in the state could turn to its account, upon which all men were agreed as to the merits of the question, and could only differ regard-

ing the time and manner of its solution. The subject was first urged upon the attention of the legislature by men who belonged not to its body, and whose opinions differed with those of the government; and it was welcomed by members of parliament formerly attached to the ministry—not even during the half century over which the history of the question extends was it mixed in any manner of way with the conflicts of party, while they raged more fiercely than in any former period, and the men engaged in them were on all other questions the most lavishly praised, and the most unsparsingly assailed. This felicity in the great question has not attended it in the New World. Slavery is not merely a ground of party division, but it is the great and paramount way, almost the only ground, both of conflict in every state of the Union, and of the differences between the states themselves. The grand question of the election of President (now approaching) depends entirely upon the principles expressed by the candidates respecting slavery; and this question involves all other disputes, inasmuch as, to the unspeakable misfortune of that great community, the appointment of all public functionaries, from the highest to the humblest, depends upon the election of the chief magistrate, and all may be removed on their party being defeated at that election. As regards the subject itself, the issue of the contest is most important, for the question is whether slavery shall be perpetuated and extended by adopting the principle that the institution is national and universal, or regarding it as local only and authorised by the law of the particular districts. The revival of the African slave trade is by no means an impossible result from a victory of the southern states, where it has been not very faintly announced; and the struggle which they so vehemently maintain with the north may even bring about the disruption of the Union—one of the greatest calamities that could happen to America and to the world: to America, as ending, if it did not begin, in civil war; to the world, as shaking the credit of all popular government. Another calamity is far from unlikely to be caused by the conflict—the liberation of the slaves by insurrection, a consummation to be earnestly deprecated, as much for themselves as for their masters. When Dr. Johnson astonished the friends of church and king at Oxford by proposing as a toast 'The speedy revolt of the slaves in Jamaica, and success to them,' he had not lived to see the dreadful consequences to the unhappy victims of our sordid oppression, in the misery, far worse even than that oppression, brought upon them by the insurrection, which shook it off in the French islands. He might feel little compassion for the masters, the supporters of what they term 'the institution,' and might ask them to show how the King of Dahomey should not plead the immemorial custom of his country requiring the slaughter of hundreds, that he might float his canoe in human blood as the appointed tribute of filial affection at his father's funeral. But these masters are not the only parties to be considered when there is a question of slave insurrection, and we must contemplate with horror the fate of the negroes, from the worst of ills, civil war in its worst form—civil war in the slave states, and must regard as bereft of all claim to be ranked among men whoever could from party zeal or perverse views of personal advantage lend themselves to measures by bare possibility leading to such hideous scenes.

"An outlaw without kin or home is he—  
Unit for public rule or private care,  
The wretch who can delight in civil war,  
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy  
To tear his country and his kind destroy."  
(Iliad ix. 63.)

But let us devoutly hope that no such fate impends over our kinsmen in the New World. His Lordship makes an easy transition from the subject of slavery to that of education. "To give freedom to the slave, and peace to one quarter of the world, is amongst the most glorious feats of well-regulated philanthropy. But the improvement of other classes more numerous though less oppressed, and breaking the chains forged for them by ignorance, is a work of equal importance, though of less renown." And now he touches a question of much importance, and one upon which there is considerable difference of opinion—to what extent, if any,

should the education of children be compulsory. He says: "That ignorance is the cause of crimes, directly and indirectly, is not denied. Those crimes are punished by the magistrate. Then, does he perform his duty if he does nothing to remove the cause, and trusts to the indirect operation of penal enactments? In some countries, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, he compels parents to make their children attend school. No doubt, these are chiefly states under the discipline of a government more absolute than ours. But in some having a free form of government, regulations amounting, if not to compulsion, yet substantially leaving the parent no choice, are found to prove successful in enforcing education without encroaching upon liberty. It is much to be desired that this question should engage the best attention of the education department of the congress, and that all information should be brought together which the attendance of foreign members may enable us to obtain. Another subject deserving of immediate and full consideration, is the great defect existing all over the country in providing and superintending of teachers for the middle classes, and the due encouragement and proper control of those teachers. The upper and lower classes enjoy this benefit—the former from the great schools and universities, the latter from the Privy Council grants, the requirement of qualification in teachers, and the superintendence of inspection; but no attention whatever is given to the middle class teachers, though under those the most important part of the community receives instruction. Petitions complaining of this neglect were presented to Parliament last year signed by 40,000 persons, of which I presented 120 to the Lords. The answer given by the Government was that the Privy Council had not the means of extending the system to the middle-class teachers; yet, upon the best calculation that could be made, of these classes, being little more than half a million, and having 120,000 children of school-going age, only 1,200 schools would be added to those under the council department. The whole subject of the teachers' position and qualifications deserves to be thoroughly examined, and especially with the view of raising in public estimation that most important class. They form a fourth learned profession not necessarily connected with the other three, not even with the clerical body, though of course more with them than with the others. Perhaps there is no subject which more urgently calls for the attention of the same department than the limits that should be assigned to the kinds of instruction for different classes of the community. Some propositions on this head are of obvious importance and of manifest soundness, as the maxim judiciously and usefully enforced on a late occasion by Lord Derby, addressing the founders of a ragged school, that the first object in such seminaries is the training to habits of industry, and teaching the kind of work required from persons in their station. This proposition by no means excludes the acquisition of other knowledge; it only gives the first place to that which is most necessary, and allows other portions to come in their turn. Another proposition, if indeed it be not involved in the former, is that there exists an absolute necessity for changing in important respects the method of educating female children, not only of the humbler but of the better part of the working classes. They must be taught things which are of use to them in after life, as much more as may be, but those things at any rate; and, in the first instance, governesses who can teach music, dancing, French, and Italian are plainly not wanted, for they will not stop to teach sewing and mending. Herein lies the main difficulty. Those who are fit to teach reading, writing, and cyphering are more able or more willing to teach the more humble but more needful things. This, both as to teachers of boys and girls, is one of the most essential subjects to which the department can direct attention. A good system of rewards, the judicious application of prizes, the due encouragement to successful teachers of common things, and the steady determination in the patrons of such schools to enforce the most useful teaching in the first instance, allowing no substitute for it, may put an end to a state of things which has in some places produced the greatest difficulty of obtaining servants for families otherwise well provided, or wives for workmen comfortably situated.

There are two subjects of a more general description, one of which has often come under discussion, and is not unattended with difficulty; but the other of great importance, and by no means of difficult consideration. And great error was at one time committed, at the establishment of schools upon the plan of Bell and Lancaster. The facilities afforded for teaching great numbers under a single master gave rise to a prevailing impression that cheapness of instruction would best be secured by these means, and there was too great a disposition to make this the ruling principle. But experience has proved, what a little reflection might earlier have shown, the great advantage of numerous teachers. In truth, this is essential, not only for securing thorough instruction, but for maintaining that discipline, that influence of moral authority, which is the most important benefit conferred by attendance upon a school. The other subject attended with more difficulty, that of a religious description, we are at this congress peculiarly able to have fully discussed; and with the benefit of this country's experience, where the difficulty has in a great measure been overcome, though it had a less formidable shape than in England in consequence of the relations between the church and the sects, and between different branches of the church, turning rather upon political than religious dissensions. But the whole subject deserves an elaborate investigation in order to ascertain in what manner the two objects can be best attained—instruction and religious independence; instruction, which, to deserve that name, must include spiritual as well as secular learning, and absence of all interference with religious freedom, either of the parents or the children. They who set the most value upon religion, who cling to their faith as their most precious comfort in this world, and their only hope hereafter, into whose whole sentiments as well as their feeling and opinions it enters perpetually with an influence all pervading and unceasing, they are those who will most revolt at all suspicion of its contamination by mixture of worldly considerations, will most vehemently resist its being subjected to any pressure, and shudder most at the thought of its being prostituted to secular gain. But though education and training imparting sound knowledge, religious and moral, and exalting the character, as of rational beings, is the most important of all our duties towards the humbler class of our fellow-citizens, it is by no means to supersede the care of their temporal welfare, or be taken as a substitute to the other imperative duty. A wide field is thus opened to social science, and it is one which only in modern times has received any cultivation. Count Rumford was a great benefactor to the world in promoting the more important of its branches. His plans for the most part were well devised to increase the comfort of the poor, and carried into execution while he held high court and military employment in Bavaria, deserve the greatest attention; and the study of his essays, in which they are minutely detailed, is a duty incumbent upon all well-wishers to the prosperity and the peace and order of society. Especially to be considered are his proposals for improving the construction and arrangement of cottages, for the convenient application of heat to culinary and other purposes, for the preparation of cheap, wholesome, and nutritious food, for the saving of fuel and alimentary matter. Much may be done for the substantial bettering of the poor man's condition and the preservation of his health, as well as the saving of his money and of his labour, by attending to Count Rumford's suggestions, in almost every instance the result of his actual experiences, and in some respects (as in regard to the communication of heat) the corollaries from certain truths which he ascertained by his experiments, although he erred in some points of the theory which he sought to establish upon them. One inference of much importance which he drew from the improvements effected in the condition of the poor, including the vagrant class, is the salutary tendency of increased comforts to lessen the number of crimes, as well as to mitigate their character, both in the civil and military portions of the community. There can be no greater encouragement to our efforts in augmenting the comforts of the people than the high and pure gratification derived from the conviction that increase of happiness is attended with increase of virtue, that the good bestowed makes men more

worthy to receive and enjoy it. Nothing can be more gratifying in this, and in every other view, than the success of the great measure which the working classes themselves have lately adopted to provide for their comfort, to husband their resources, and to protect them from imposition, by the formation of co-operative societies; and happily these have greatly multiplied, especially in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Such societies are of two kinds. The one has for its immediate object to expend the income of each member to the best advantage for himself; the other to enable him to obtain the largest return for his capital and industry. Sixteen years ago forty Rochdale artisans, desiring to establish a society of the first kind, amassed by a weekly subscription of 3d. from each member the sum of £28, hired a room for store, laid in a stock of necessities, and began to trade, selling not only to members, but to all who would buy. The enterprise provoked laughter. A neighbouring shopkeeper boasted that he could carry away the whole stock in a wheelbarrow. Now, however, that single room is multiplied into many distinct shops, spread over the town, and the weekly vend of the society exceeds £2,700. Every member must be the owner of five shares of 20s. each, the permitted maximum being a hundred such shares. The capital is paid in by small weekly or quarterly instalments. All the transactions of the society, whether purchases or sales, are for ready money, the entire absence of credit being the corner-stone of the institution. The customer, whether member or stranger, is charged at the same price as at the ordinary shops of the town, but at the end of each quarter a dividend of net profit is made, and he receives his quota according to the amount of his purchases. To arrive at net profit, the following deductions are made from the gross returns—the cost price of the goods, the current expenses of the stores, including the wages of the manager and his assistants, rents, repairs, a proper allowance to a depreciation fund, and 5 per cent. for interest on capital. The residue is the net profit, from which, however, before it is divided among the customers, 2½ per cent. is deducted for the maintenance of a library and news-room. The society is governed by a committee elected from the members, which meets weekly, when it gives patient attention to all complaints. If real cause of dissatisfaction exists, it is removed; if the complainant is in error, he is reasoned with; and so successful has been the course taken by the committee, that, although the arbitrators have been appointed from the first, pursuant to the acts under which the association is registered, yet it has never been necessary, even in single instance, to engage their services. The benefits derived by the individual in the expenditure of his income upon this plan are manifold. It is enough to enumerate a few. First, antagonism of interest between buyer and seller is annihilated. All motive, therefore, to adulteration, or in any way to lower quality, for the sake of diminishing price, is absent. No extra price is put on the goods to pay the rent of shops in expensive situations, nor for plate-glass or other costly fittings, nor for the loss occasioned by the expensive articles in the windows to attract customers, nor for advertisements. Indeed, show is altogether discarded, and while no cost is spared to insure high quality in the articles themselves, no money is wasted on the means of attraction. The exact price of the article, too, is very material. If the price is high, the customer's returning profit is also high, and *vice versa*. But not only economy is consulted: the improvement of the character and habits is incalculably promoted. The workman is stimulated to the exercise of self-control beyond his reach in ordinary circumstances. While his Lordship speaks highly and hopefully of co-operation, he is careful to point out that it must not be confounded with communism and socialism:—“Co-operation leaves its votary to freedom, whereas communism, which makes him receive according to his wants, instead of according to his merits, extinguishes the ordinary motives to exertion; and failing, as it always has failed, to induce men to work from higher motives, must, if it continue in action, fall back upon coercion. Communism is in truth slavery in disguise; but as the slaves are also their own masters, they quickly emancipate themselves, and that being done,

the communities of socialists come to an end. Such is the appointed lot and fate of the kindred association arising from strikes, even when these are carried on without breach of law—that is, without in any manner exercising compulsion directly or indirectly to obtain the increase of members. This most interesting subject will certainly occupy both our general and judicial departments.” The attention of the members of the association is next directed to the subject of temperance, and the necessity of preparing the public mind for the repressive measures required to lessen the consumption of spirituous liquors. “The great source of pauperism and of crimes has hitherto only been attacked by palliatives, and although these have had a certain success, yet if there be any means not exposed to serious objections by which the evil may be extirpated, the gain to society would be incalculable. No measure of absolute repression can, of course, be recommended until the public mind has been not only prepared, but strongly inclined for it. But the proposal of the grand alliance well deserves a careful consideration—the plan of enabling a certain proportion of the inhabitants in every district—a proportion considerably above the commercial majority—to give the magistrates authority for placing the district under a general Repression Act, passed with such modifications as according to the act's provisions may be allowed in the peculiar local circumstances. A very extensive adhesion has been given to the proposal in the great districts of Manchester and Birmingham; and this besides its intrinsic merits will be quite sufficient to cause a searching examination by our departments—sanitary and of jurisprudence. That it deeply concerns both, need not be added. But which of all our departments, does it not most deeply concern? Remember the memorable expression of the great philanthropist, our eminent colleague, the Recorder of Birmingham—“Whatever step I take,” says Mr. Hill, “and into whatever direction I may strike, the drink demon starts up before me, and blocks the way.” This is an interest which with us has never in any respect been brought within the dominion of party, either civil or religious. Such, however, has not been its lot in the new world; and it affords the most remarkable illustration of the evils which afflict the United States from the practice of their constitution maintaining in every part of the country an incessant canvas, caused by the distribution of patronage and change of offices. Every subject of a nature to interest the community, and thus to create a difference of opinion, becomes the ground of controversy to confounding parties; and so the Maine Liquor Law became a question upon which governors were chosen and removed. The evils which the suspension of the law occasioned, in the great increase of pauperism and crimes which had, under its beneficent operation, been reduced within an incredibly narrow compass, but which now rapidly revived, so seriously impressed men's minds with the mischief of having made it a party question, that a resolution was passed at the State Convention against ever so treating the subject hereafter: the repeal of the Suspension Law was effected, and all attempts against the Maine Law were afterwards defeated by reference to the resolution of the Convention. Nothing can redound more to the honour of the American people than their thus firmly persevering in their just and righteous determination. But it is impossible to avoid feeling how great is our happiness in this country, to be free from the influence of such disturbing forces upon our most important measures. We discuss them freely on their own merits, and apply to the consideration of them those principles which are mere matters of science; but science reduced to practice should guide the inquiry and dictate the conclusion. We are removed above the storms raised by popular fury, nor are we ever stunned by the noise which the psalmist compares to that of the raging sea; and our vision is not obscured by the clouds which fashion drives together. Thus gradual and slow has been the course by which we have arrived at social science, unconnected with faction and class interest. First, there was the reign of party and personal views, without even the pretence of any principles or opinions; next came the time when opinions were professed, but in subordination to party and personal views; then

arose the day of opinions to which these views were subservient; at length came the age of principles and opinions wholly apart from party schemes and personal interests. The progress has been gradual but sure; and social science has run the course of all other science, it being the growth of ages, making its advances safely by slow degrees." The orator now wends into a path beset by many thorns, and in which, if, he avoids stinging himself, he takes care to drop a few sentences which will sting certain nobodies, provided they are not pachydermatous. He is referring to the influence of party, which constantly interferes, in the legislature, with the adoption of measures which the principles of social science recommend. This influence he considers it within the scope of his subject, "a comment upon, inasmuch as it is obstructive to social progress. "The greatest obstruction to the conduct of business in the two houses of Parliament, particularly in the Commons, arises from the reluctance to letter discussion, either by rules binding upon the members, or by restraining the speakers in their addresses. Besides the question before the house, and on the merits of which a speech must always be regular, there are many questions in debating which great latitude is taken, so as to introduce topics quite foreign to the subject matter itself. Thus, upon a motion for adjournment, although the only matter in question is whether there shall be an adjournment or not, it is the inveterate habit to introduce any subject on which any speaker desires to be heard, however foreign to the question of adjourning. Now, the motion to adjourn either the house or the debate may be made at any time, and may be repeated any number of times. Then, as the rule is absolute that except in committees no member shall speak more than once in any debate, he may evade the rule by moving an adjournment, and could only be prevented by the general uproar which it would probably occasion from speaking again upon the question, under colour of supporting the motion to adjourn. Yet this is really the only abuse of the motion to adjourn which has ever been committed. Upon this motion, repeated speeches are made and divisions had, sometimes for the avowed purpose of defeating a measure supported by a vast majority—sometimes in order to delay its progress. It is to be observed that all obstruction of this kind—indeed, of every kind—arises from the rights of a minority, however inconsiderable. The mere prolixity of speech is far from being the only cause of obstruction. The number of speakers is a very great cause. There are many members so insignificant that beyond a few of their own connections they are wholly unknown, except to their own constituents. But they desire to speak—first, because they would court these constituents, or impress them with a notion of their importance; next, because they consider that they gain general reputation by their speeches. It is therefore undeniable that the two causes of this excessive speaking are their return to parliament by bodies of electors, and the report of their speeches in the daily papers. Thus the combination of small parties, the determination to resist whatever proceeds from certain quarters, the government especially, in whose hands soever it is placed, the desire to make their support of consequence, which, insignificant in itself, may be of moment when the great parties are equally balanced, and the countless number of endless speeches without any merit by persons of no mark, have of late times made the House of Commons a by-word as a place of talk and not of work, the caricature of a popular assembly.

"Where policy is bated all night long  
In setting right what faction has set wrong;  
Where darts of oratory thresh the floor  
That yields them chaff, and dust, and nothing more."

(COWPER.)

Hero his Lordship inquires "What has been the result?" and answers, that "above six months of the last session passed away not rapidly, but with a linging pace, and these were consumed in doing very little, and saying very much." After stating several important measures which failed to receive the attention of the legislature, he continues: "But there is no failure of the session greater, no disappointment more severe to the friends of human improvement in all its branches, than the determination taken by the Lords to retain the tax upon the diffusion of knowledge given up by the Commons. It is certain that this course was strictly

lawful. Probably they were emboldened to take it by the Commons having rather muttered than distinctly and articulately pronounced their opinion against it. That may no doubt be legal which is unconstitutional, and this vote was according to the letter of the law as much as it was against the spirit and the practice of the constitution. That it was still more unquestionably against the best interests of the community, we must at once be convinced, when we find what a vast amount of works are sold at the lowest price, prepared at a great sacrifice, for the instruction—civil, moral, and religious—of the humbler classes. John Cassell's 'History of England,' in penny numbers, circulates 100,000 weekly; his 'Illustrated Bible' 200,000. Think how many thousand pounds are withdrawn by the tax from the gains of learned men and artists engaged on these two works, and reflect on the wrong done to their spirited conductors by the decree that it should be continued after their estimates had been formed and their liabilities contracted on the faith of the first sentence which had pronounced its doom." The orator is severe in his criticisms on the business of the past session. He extols the attendance of members of the Commons during the early part of the session; but is obliged to instance that for a whole month it was difficult to get together sixty members. Often there was no house at all. Yet in these circumstances, and with a house so composed, vast sums of money were voted, the greater part of the estimates being gone through with nothing that could be reckoned discussion; and measures of great importance sanctioned or rejected, sometimes without a division, although in the face of avowed differences of opinion, and never with anything like a full discussion or even a serious debate. At the end of June several millions were voted in one night's sitting, with seventy or eighty present; yet hardly any discussion of the particulars arose, the debate being confined to one or two questions, which having been the subject of popular controversy, were introduced upon some of the votes that might be regarded as connected with them. A short time after the attendance was very much less, but the same facility of granting money to a great amount continued to prevail, almost in the inverse proportion of the numbers engaged at the work; till at one of the last sittings, after the middle of August, £626,841 were voted under forty heads, besides power to raise two millions by exchequer bills, in a house the numerical strength of which was tried by three divisions, and proved to be 54, 45, and 43, respectively. But, independent of these money votes, resolutions of great importance were pronounced, and with decisive, because final, effect, in houses so reduced. Some of these were inconsistent with the opinions plainly indicated when the house was comparatively full; some of them could never have been adhered to upon a further consideration, although taken in accordance with a former hasty determination. One most important bill sent from the Lords had been wholly defeated in its main provision by a vote amending it when the house was comparatively full. The Lords refused the amendment, adhering to their measure as it originally stood. When the Commons had to consider this refusal, there were barely 40 members present, so that any one or two members might have prevented the consent to the message of the Lords by leaving the house. Those having charge of the bill therefore did not venture to divide, and this great measure of legal reform, and grounded on true principles of social science, was lost for the year. It was neither more nor less than a proposal to make Scotch divorce legal where the parties had a domicile in Scotland, and removing the present scandal arising from the conflict of laws, making parties married in the other and their issue bastards. Indeed, if some nine or ten more members of the government side had happened to walk in, a house of less than 50 would have reversed the decision come to by a full house a fortnight before. Thus one measure of social science was defeated under such circumstances; and his Lordship cites another which was successful under similar—the bill for extending the Debtor's Arrangement Act of 1844, and completing the measure to abolish imprisonment for debt. "It is, indeed, hard to say whether the six months of talk or the six months of

work—work of questionable value, talk undeniably of none—redound less to the honour of the illustrious assembly; illustrious, indeed, but whose vigour has thus proved less signal than its renown." Lord Brougham agrees with the report of the committee on the business of the house in 1848, that "the root of the evil is the great mass of private business, which exhausts the members in the morning, and leads to their absenting themselves from seven to ten o'clock in the evening, so that they are put upon moving adjournments in order to have an opportunity of being heard, and on such motions to deliver their speeches, which they had no opportunity of doing before. Besides this effect of private business, it is liable to another objection—it is extremely ill-performed from the inexperience of the members and their ignorance of law, especially of the rules of evidence." As to the remedy for these evils—"One great and manifest improvement would be the adoption of the resolutions laid before the Lords in 1845, and again this year, upon the plan suggested by the Duke of Wellington as long ago as 1834, and then acted upon to the extent of altering a bill, and providing that a joint committee of the two houses should examine the whole facts, and that their report on them should be conclusive, leaving each house to deal with the bill in all other respects at its pleasure. This was the happy suggestion of that great man, the first captain of the age, and one of the first statesmen. He did me the honour of asking my aid and co-operation in working out the details. We proposed our plan, which was applicable to all bills, as well as the one under consideration, and we again brought it forward in 1837, when the new standing orders were proposed by me, he being of opinion that we should carry the more effectual measure, and when told that we should be defeated in the committee to whom the matter was referred, he said, 'Never mind; let us try, and if beaten we can retreat upon the lesser plan.' We were beaten; the lesser plan was adopted; it forms the rule of both houses—the Commons having for some years refused it, but afterwards passed it with a material improvement. The larger measure, which we had in vain endeavoured to carry, aided by Lord Ellenborough (for whose great talents and manly nature, so congenial to his own, the Duke ever entertained the highest respect) is once more before the Lords, and, if adopted by both houses, it will afford the greatest relief to each, at once removing the load of private business, and mightily abridging that of public also. But a further curtailment of all legislative labour is to be obtained from the more careful preparation of bills before their introduction into either house, instead of keeping all secret till they are brought in, and thus launching them with all the defects produced by ignorance, oversight, and want of skill—defects which might be remedied by previously consulting able and learned persons acquainted with the several subjects." His Lordship would also diminish the number of stages through which a bill has now to pass. There are at present in the Commons eighteen questions which must be put, besides all those in committee, before a bill can be sent up to the Lords, and upon each question a debate of any length may take place. He would adopt a rule also against adjourning a debate more than twice. He refers to the *closure* (stopping the debate) adopted in France, and the "previous question," amounting to the *closure*, and the restriction of speeches to one hour, adopted in America. "In France the *closure* is often proposed and carried. It is most positively stated by experienced persons to have no effect whatever in restraining freedom of discussion. That all measures are first considered in the bureaux, and that this somewhat lessens the occasion for debate, may be admitted. But what passes in the bureaux is secret, and therefore not reported; and, for the same reason, very little debating takes place. The American plan of closing a debate if the majority so decide, and of limiting all speeches to one hour, is represented as approved of by all parties in successive Congresses since it was established twenty years ago, as having not only greatly expedited business, but made speeches more impressive, more argumentative, and more confined to the subject; as having given rise to no discontent whatever in any party; and as having been universally popular in the country.

There has only been one instance of the house by a vote releasing a member from the one-hour rule—it was John Q. Adams, and he declined to avail himself of the permission." Nothing short of the *closure*, his Lordship conceives, or the American one-hour rule, can remove the greatest of all obstructions—the prolixity of debate; and that this can only be brought about by a powerful government. After some general considerations on this latter point, he observes:—"The course of constitutional regimen is in jeopardy, the continuance of free—that is, parliamentary—government, is at stake. The question is, shall we any longer enjoy the blessings of a mixed and balanced constitution, or shall we sink into the deplorable condition of being governed by an absolute monarch and a mob, suppressing all discussion, whether in assemblies of a mock legislature, or among the people, and not only rigorously forbidding all objection to the acts of power, all observation on those who wield it, but compelling both the slaves who speak and the slaves who write to labour in panegyrics, of the extent and according to the pattern set down before them, till from the scum of the German baths and the sluice of the French provinces, there is compounded a plaster only bearable by those over whom it is spread, to all the rest of mankind being unspeakably offensive and disgusting? Such a fate could never befall this country; but though despotism in form is impossible here, let us never forget how large a portion of its substance might be inflicted on us by a not very slow or gradual process. If the obstruction to all business cannot be any longer endured, if anything would be less intolerable than a continuance of the evils, never let the recollection fade from our memories of how much has been suffered by other countries to prevent a recurrence of evil times. The successive despots in France, whether of the multitude or oligarchy, or of a single tyrant, have all been rendered possible, and been even quietly borne, rather than encounter the worse calamity of the reign of terror. Let us not be too sure that a regimen differing in little but the name from absolute government might not be gradually introduced among us under shelter of the cry, 'Anything is better than the session of 1860.' His Lordship proceeds next to express himself on the necessity of a minister of justice. "It can hardly be doubted that any one of the late failures, of which all men now complain, would have been prevented had we possessed the inestimable advantage of a department responsible for carrying the measures judiciously selected, and with care and skill prepared. No one can deny that, to take the most remarkable instance, the Bankruptcy Bill, dismembered of the provisions which were little more than enactments, but formed a huge, an appalling mass, would have reached the Lords in time to be considered and adopted—if indeed it had not, as most probably would have been the case, been first brought into the Lords at a period when they had little to do and the Commons were overwhelmed, or acted as if they felt overwhelmed, with work. The like would have happened with every one of the other bills, as well those which failed as those which passed in debate, or with an amount of discussion barely decent. But further illustration was given of such a department's importance in conducting the important duty of deciding in the exercise of the high and delicate prerogative of mercy. Does any one now affect to doubt that this should be vested in a lawyer? The whole subject of a department of justice has long been in the hands of our able, learned, and excellent colleague, the late Chancellor of Ireland, who, indeed, obtained the sanction of the Commons to a resolution which he moved; and we may truly affirm that no reflecting person now entertains any doubt upon the question except as to whether the undivided responsibility of a single minister should not be preferred to the advantage derived from the concurrence of several, and from the greater weight thus possessed, as well as the fuller investigation of difficult questions." Of equal necessity his Lordship considers the consolidation of the law, a task to which he has devoted himself with great energy. He then proceeds to state a number of questions in social science which will occupy the different sections of the Association. Some of these are not so popular as others, but their importance is of the greatest. Attention

will be given to judicial statistics, and the labours of the International Statistical Conference in this direction, under the presidency of the Prince Consort, are duly extolled. A committee is occupied in collecting and arranging the statistics of sickness, a branch of the science hitherto neglected. His Lordship dwells with much pleasure on the exertions of the society for the employment of educated females, and gives Miss Faithful and Miss Bessie Parkes their deserved meed of praise. Trades' societies, Strikes, the Patent Law, the "possibility of making a general average for all the world" (a term intelligible only to underwriters, we dare say), quarantine laws, and the adulteration of food, are among the other topics of this most versatile genius. He is justly dissatisfied with the niggardliness of the government in withholding assistance to the ragged schools, and says:—"The refusal to assist in preventing pauperism and crime by diligently educating and training the class of children from whom vagrants and criminals are bred, is perhaps one of the greatest economical, let us rather say social, mistakes, ever committed. It is an abdication of the most imperative duties of a state, that of helping those who cannot help themselves, as well as the self-destructive impolicy of withholding a little outlay in schooling from those on whom they must afterwards spend largely in the way of jails and workhouses." This leads him to speak further of reformatory schools and the diminution of crime. Next comes the subject of railway accidents—"It is remarkable that the evil is confined to Great Britain. In France the greater discipline, and more careful administration, even more than the lesser speed and the want of excursion trains, is probably the reason that grave accidents there are all but unknown." He censures the fool-hardiness which leads people to endanger their lives in their attempts to climb or descend dangerous passes. A life so unnecessarily lost he terms self-slaughter, and "the crime bears the same relation to suicide that manslaughter does to murder." At this point his Lordship flies off at a tangent to direct and indirect taxation, as a problem in social science, and then to the law of bankruptcy. Having exhausted his list of topics as regards the state of social science in these islands, he proceeds to observe its progress in other nations. Absolute sovereigns are not blind to such courses as must increase the wealth of their subjects, and consequently their own resources. In Russia, he marks with satisfaction the resolution to effect the entire emancipation of the serfs by the present Emperor, which had only been partially attempted by his two predecessors. He perceives formidable difficulties in the way of this just and politic measure, and believes it cannot be permanently established without serious changes in the whole political state of the country. In Austria, besides material improvements of an economical and financial description, important reforms of a political kind are in course of being effected. There is a fixed determination to give each province of the empire a discretion in the management of its affairs, and that Hungary shall, either in form or in substance, have its ancient constitution restored. He accuses the selfishness of the Hungarians as having been a serious obstacle to the execution of the liberal designs in contemplation, and passes an encomium on Prince Metternich, as one of the greatest practical reformers of his time, an encomium in which few, we suspect, will join his Lordship. Steady progress has been made by the Prussian states, and those of the lesser German potencies, in their internal improvements. Politically they have the fixed determination to stand together, against any inroad whatever that may be attempted upon their independence. There are similar manifestations in Austria and Belgium. The progress of social science in France next calls forth the praises of the orator. "Ecumenical measures, which tend directly to better the condition of the people, and to promote their friendly intercourse with other countries, have been patronised, and actually adopted." He refers, of course, to the recent free-trade measures, and the commercial treaty with this country. Lord Brougham brings his long and able speech to a close by a splendid peroration on the curse of tyranny and the blessing of liberty. Princes are rulers according to law, as in Belgium, Prussia, and Sardinia, or they are a law unto themselves, as in

Russia and France, and govern according to their good pleasure.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Sept. 3.—H. J. Stainton, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Mr. Waterhouse exhibited living examples of *Tricodes hispidus*, in the larva, pupa, and imago states, which had been forwarded to him by Mr. Plant, of Leicester; and *Dorcatoma chrysomelina*, reared from rotten oaks in Richmond Park. Mr. Stevens exhibited two specimens of *Diachromus germanus*, both found in the town of Deal, one by Mr. Smith, the other by himself. Mr. Pelerin exhibited a beautiful variety of *Staphylinus cibareus*, having the pubescence entirely red, and other rare coleoptera. Mr. Janson exhibited *Donacia comari*, found in Perthshire, a species only hitherto known to inhabit the Harz mountains. Mr. Rye exhibited *Aleochara ripicornis*, found by Mr. Solomon in Campsie Glen, near Glasgow. Mr. Stainton exhibited the larva of *Nemotis scabiosellus*, received from Herr Hofmann, of Ratisbon, and made some observations on the economy of the insect, by Herr Hofmann, who had recently detected the larva of this species. Mr. G. King exhibited some fine *Lepidoptera* from Horning Fen, Norfolk, including remarkable varieties of *Crambus paludellus*. The Secretary read a communication from Walter Elliott, Esq., of Wolfelee, New Brunswick, on the injury caused to plantations of larch and spruce firs by *Hylobes obietis*, which he considered to be the chief cause of the alarming mortality now taking place in Scotland in plantations of those trees.

ANCIENT PROTOTYPES OF THE PIANOFORTE.—The descent from the primitive lyre of all those instruments which preceded the invention of the keyboard, including the ancient harp and medieval psaltery, dulcimer, and citole, is a subject of much antiquarian interest, as showing the progressive steps that led to results so inestimable; but of far greater interest is the history of those instruments which succeeded that invention, and which, embracing the successive varieties of the clavichytherium, the clavichord, the clavichord, the virginal, the spinet, and the harpsichord, finally resulted in the pianoforte. The clavichord, or key-board, having been applied to the organ at the close of the eleventh century, the adaptation of so great an improvement to stringed instruments would probably soon follow. The clavichytherium, or keyed citole, was the first simple result: a small oblong box containing the strings of catgut, which were sounded or snapped by quill plectra attached to the keys. The clavichord, or monochord, or clairichord, was the next phase of the instrument. Its strings were of brass, and its action simply a piece of brass wire, placed vertically at a point where it could either be struck or pressed against its proper string, and where it might be retained at pleasure by the firm pressure of the finger. The affection of the elder and younger Bach for this instrument is well known, and Mozart himself, when travelling, always included one in his baggage. Dr. Rimbault hazards a derivation of the term clairichord, and its probable point of difference from the clavichord. The clavichymbal was another variety of the same class, and was probably, as Hawkins considers, the origin of the harpsichord. It was sometimes upright, sometimes horizontal, with strings of steel wire, struck by quill plectra.—Builder.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Half-an-hour may be very agreeably spent in accepting the invitation of Messrs. Gush and Ferguson to inspect their elegant and well-fitted gallery in Regent Street. We were much pleased with some specimens of miniature photographs, especially with a group of smiling children that could be covered with a threepenny-piece, but as distinct and faithful as if the figures had been rendered as large as life. There are also some pure, untouched photographs—particularly one of Mr. Wrighton, the well-known musical composer—so complete and effective, that it may be well said of them, "They lack not the foreign aid of ornament."

A NEW PICTURE GALLERY, 200 feet by 35 feet, is being erected on Broadway, near St. Thomas's Church, New York. A collection of paintings from Dusseldorf and elsewhere will be placed in it.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, September 26.

You cannot conceive the state of anxiety and alarm into which Paris society is thrown by this battle of Castelfidardo. Hundreds of families are in mourning or in alarm, for hundreds of young men of good birth had gone to join Lamoriciere at Rome, and no one knows the names of those who have fallen victims to their zeal in following the African chief. The death of M. de Pimodan affects several of the highest families in the country, for, both by his own race and that of his wife, he belonged to what was most illustrious in the aristocracy of France. M. de Pimodan was not yet thirty-eight years of age. His grandfather and father had, in emigration, lived a great deal in Austria, in which country George de Pimodan had been partly brought up. In the campaign of 1848-9, M. de Pimodan was a volunteer in the Austrian service, and performed such prodigies of valour that he rose to the rank of *chef d'escadron*, and was proposed for the cross of Maria Theresa. He was, on one occasion, left on the field with eighteen wounds, and reported dead, but, after many months' illness, he recovered his health perfectly; and, when the campaigns of '49-'50 were entirely over, he retired from service, left Austria, and returned here to his own country. In 1855 he married a charming young girl, who belonged to the Montmorency family, and whose principal reason for espousing her suitor (who had but a very small fortune) was the admiration with which his brilliant military fame had inspired her. M. de Pimodan was a singularly talented man; a narrative of his of the Austrian campaigns of '49-'50, published in several numbers of the "Revue des deux Mondes," attracting, two or three years ago, universal attention, and was as remarkable for the beauty of the style as for the modesty with which the author's own deeds were recounted. M. de Pimodan's loss is a subject of grief to French society in general, for he was loved by every one who knew him for his amiable and gentle qualities. As for his young widow, though her sorrow is not of the kind that can be consoled, yet she can scarcely be said to have been unprepared, for, from the moment she married, she more or less anticipated something of this sort, and she used often to say, in a very resigned manner, that wherever any fighting should be going on, thither inevitably would M. de Pimodan be attracted; and so it has been. He was a *Bretet* of such a species as is still to be found in the Armorican wilds, and whose religious zeal has remained that of the middle ages; he held it his duty to sacrifice everything to the service of the Catholic Church, and he has done it to the very uttermost, renouncing life as easily as if it had been a worn-out vestment.

All the present passing events are likely to make this next winter more gloomy even than the last, which was gloomy enough. Besides these incidents of the Papal war, which strike at so many interests and affections in France, there is a want of confidence here in everything, and people of all classes and all opinions are equally disinclined either to spend their money or to put themselves in any degree forward. As for the Imperialists, they cannot help themselves, and they must do what they are ordered to do. When a senator is told by his master to spend money, or to open his house, he must do as he is bid; but it is curious to mark how very little impetus mere official expenditure gives to trade, and how severely the effect is felt of a position of things which prevents society in general from the habitual assumption of its natural privileges, and confines it to the mere task of living from day to day in a kind of defensive manner.

No small degree of amusement has been caused here by the appointment at Naples of Alexandre Dumas *père*, to the post of director of all the museums, and of all the works of excavation. It would be difficult to give a foreigner any adequate idea of the ridicule attached to this extraordinary individual in this country, where his own description of himself passes current:—"My father was a mulatto, my grandfather a negro, my great-grandfather a baboon!" The notion of absurdity is carried so far that it was reported (and believed) some ten days ago, that Alexandre Dumas *fil*, had gone to Naples to take care of his respected parent,

and try to bring him back to his native land. The son of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," as he is sometimes called, is a far sturdier personage than his sire, and no one is less likely to commit an imprudence or rush into a scrape than the author of the "Demi-Monde," who is the very arch-type of that calculating, parsimonious generation of young prigs who at the present hour represent contemporary France. Whether, in fact, young Dumas be or not *en route* for the land of oranges and maccaroni, in order to rescue his so very much younger progenitor, I will not undertake to say; but if he is so, rely upon it he will preach to any amount to his papa about the "inconvenience" of his behaviour; and if he is not so, it will be because he will look upon the contact of such brigands as the revolutionary leaders as too damaging for his own dignity.

*Apropos* of brigands, there is at the *Variétés* piece that just now attracts all Paris. It is called "Joseph Prudhomme, Chef de Brigands," and is one of the most comical farces that ever was invented. "Joseph Prudhomme" is a type invented by Henri Mouvier, and one that has become famous in the modern dramatic literature of France. He is the incarnation of honest, respectable snobbism; a man who is always uttering commonplace truisms, and is the very type of the *épicier*, as Balzac described him. This is so curiously true, that when the piece was first brought out at the *Odéon*, the majority of the public went away saying—"But I see nothing to be laughed at in 'Monsieur Prudhomme'; he seems to me to be a most sensible worthy man!" Now of this "sensible worthy man," Henri Mouvier and the managers of the *Variétés* have thought fit to make a sort of "Fr. Diavolo," against his will. He is a village *magister*, inculcating grammatical notions, and eke calligraphic ones, into the heads of school-children, when his daughter is run away with, and with her lover starts off for Italy. Monsieur Prudhomme gives chase to the fugitives, pursues them into the classical land of Ausonia, is captured by banditti, and forced to make himself the captain of a troop. The misfortunes that happen to this respectable individual during his period of unwilling chieftainship and compulsory bloodthirstiness, are ludicrous in the extreme, and "Joseph Prudhomme, Chef de Brigands" is another of the contemporary productions of the Paris stage that I can advise our country men and women to see without incurring any risk of having their own home ideas of decency outraged.

Stagnation is the order of the day here in everything, from politics to dress. As I said before, trade of every kind is dull, and full of alarm, and even the book-making trade, usually so active, is quite at a stand-still. In a general way, this is the moment when books that are to make a sensation in the winter begin to be talked of, and make their actual appearance towards November; but, as yet, none are talked of or predicted; and, to say the truth, how should they be? Historical appreciation is now forbidden in France, since the decree of the Cour de Cassation, to which, a few months ago, M. Dupin was obliged by Louis Napoleon to subscribe; and the books that have within the last four or five years been the pride and delight of the French reading public, would be of impossible publication now.

As opposed to this, there is just now a strange licence awarded to the newspapers for the discussion of foreign affairs, but that is easily accounted for: either side may be that taken by the emperor, and only when he has committed himself to one policy will he forbid the other being defended. As yet, he stands wavering between re-action and revolution, almost equally fearing both, and trying to avoid to the last giving any positive pledges to either. This is the cause of the apparent freedom of the French press, as far as Italy is concerned.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The work of restoration is going on rapidly, but it will be some time before all the contemplated improvements are completed. The organ screen has been removed, and an uninterrupted view has thus been obtained from the great western door to the altar window, at the eastern extremity of the choir. A splendid marble pulpit has been presented to the dean and chapter, and it will henceforward occupy the place of the unsightly wooden structure which stands on the northern side of the choir.

## CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

A DISCOVERY, interesting to antiquaries, was made the other day at Cauville, near Havre, among the rocks at the base of the cliffs. It consists of a gold piece,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  centimetres in diameter, and bearing on the reverse the inscription:—"Henri, roi d'Angleterre et de France." The emission of this species of coin, known to numismatists under the denomination of *Noble*, amounts to 1418, and attaches itself to the invasion of Henry V. of England, the victor of Agincourt, who extended his conquests to Paris, where he compelled Charles VI. to abdicate his crown, and to give him in marriage his daughter Catherine, with France for her dowry, and who enthroned himself King of France, under the title of Henry V. King of England and of France. This rare and beautiful piece bears upon its face the arms of England and France, surrounding on one side a Latin cross, and including on the other an escutcheon surmounted by a crowned head, around which radiates a *faisceau* of arms, and under this there is designed a wavy curtain emblematical of the sea.

M. Alphonse Karr, who adds to his literary earnings by doing a little in market gardening at Nice, appeared recently as appellant, before the court of Aix, in a criminal suit. He had published in his "Guêpes" a postscript, which gave offence to a certain attorney of Nice, who claimed to have his reply to it inserted *entière e gratuia*. The author, finding the terms of this reply offensive, refused to publish it, and an action was brought against him, which ended in M. Karr being condemned to pay a fine of one hundred francs, and in default of payment, and according to the requirements of the Sardinian laws, to thirty-three days' imprisonment. The annexation happened after this judgment had been given, and M. Karr entered an appeal against it. His advocate maintained that he was justified in refusing to insert the letter on account of the offensive terms in which it was couched, and this argument prevailing, the sentence of the court of Nice was reversed by the court of Aix. The literary world will learn with pleasure that the witty author of the "Wasps" (*Guêpes*) has not been stung by justice.

Victor Hugo, we learn, is at present in Naples. To a man of his noble instincts and intense love of liberty, passing events in Italy and the chances of "freedom's battle," must have the greatest interest.

The "Revue Archéologique" mentions a letter from M. Brunn, secretary to the Archeological Institute of Rome, announcing the arrival in that city of painted vases, which are still found in the Etruscan tomb discovered at Vulci, some three years ago, by MM. Alessandro, François, and Noël des Vergers. Several of these vases present interesting subjects, and bear Greek inscriptions, so much the more remarkable, as some of them treat of Grecian magistracies, whilst the mural paintings of the tomb which inclosed them are accompanied by Etruscan inscriptions of an archaic character, evidently anterior to the epoch of the conquest of Etruria by the Romans, or at all events contemporary with that epoch.

The French public by this time will have made up its mind as to the merits of the young French school, and what hopes may be entertained of its future. The exhibition for the grand competition for the prizes of Rome opened early this month, in the School of the Fine Arts. The 5th, 6th, and 7th were reserved for sculpture, and judgment was given on the 8th. The 12th, 13th, and 14th were laid aside for the exhibition of copperplate engravings, and judgment was given on the 15th. Architecture had its turn on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, and judgment was given on the 22nd. Historical painting came last, on the 26th, 27th, and 28th, and judgment was given a day or two ago. We shall probably have details shortly as to the merits of the subjects which carried off the prizes.

Spain has paid her debt to England in hard cash, and her mind being at ease on this score, she is about to confer a boon upon mankind generally, in the nature of a universal language. "Own correspondents," writing from abroad, are disposed to make fun of a matter which is being gravely treated by the gravest of Spaniards. The "Boletín Bibliográfico" is full of faith and

hope, and believes firmly in the success of an enterprise, all the honours of which shall belong to Spain. The project dreamed of by Raymond Lully is received with special favour in the Peninsula, and counts numerous partisans among the most enlightened *savans* and men of letters, publicists and journalists. Among the adherents of the *Sociedad de la Lengua Universal*, we find the names of Martínez de la Rosa, Olozaga Infante, Tejada, Pacheco, the Duke de Rivas, Ruiz de la Vega, the Marquis de Molins, the Marquis de Cárdenas, the Count de San Luis, Moreno López, and others less known to European fame.

M. A. Erdan has commenced publishing a series of papers on the theatrical *régime* in Italy, which, to those who take an interest in such matters, furnish many interesting particulars. The Italian dramatic *troupes*, which the writer distinguishes from the *lyric troupes*, are most often strolling companies, who are united, inspired, governed by an *artiste* of renown, or by an *impresario* habituated to this kind of commerce. The troupe goes from place to place, to Turin, Genoa, Venice, Milan, Florence, Leghorn, Bologna, Rome, and Naples, without counting secondary towns. Most distinguished *artistes* have a troupe of their own, which they conduct here and there; some press into the service the members of their own family. In the company of one *artiste*—famous, with good reason, for his enormous rotundity and comic talent—named Dondoni, there are at least eight Dondonis, from the father to grandchildren. Sometimes two comedians of renown, finding their isolated earnings diminishing, unite and draw larger audiences. The dramatic season in each town is about two months. The first season is from September to November; the second from November to January; the third from January to March (the Carnival); the fourth from March to May; the fifth from May to July. Usually, they limit themselves to four seasons. In July and August, if the company is in good feather, it takes its rest. Inferior companies make, however, a fifth or a sixth season. The Italian system is still a type of the ancient strolling companies, and Italy is still a stranger to the use of permanent managers as in Paris and London. As did Molière and Shakespeare, so do the comedians of Italy, who, like these, compose sometimes their own pieces; "but they are not worth those of Shakespeare and Molière, without offence be it spoken." As to the plays enacted, the national Italian theatre reposes entirely on two masters—Alferi for tragedy, and Goldoni for comedy. The Italian people are not yet disgusted with tragedy, and they can never have enough of the *immortal* Goldoni, whose varied types (natives) appear to have an eternal actuality. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the Italian stage has not taken a single serious step in advance from the classical tragedy and the old-fashioned comedy. The theatre is still as in 1820, and the changes of forty years have had no effect upon it. Italian art has not yet discovered the modern comedy nor the contemporaneous drama. Search is made for both; every day there are new efforts, new trials, but without result worthy of esteem. For the drama, in default of invention, subjects are not wanting in the national history. Nearly all these subjects have been touched upon; none has truly succeeded. The epic of Visconti has been attempted in twenty fashions, but nothing has come of it but platitudes of dialogue which only an Italian audience could bear with patience. Attempts in comedy have been equally numerous, and sometimes a vein of humour has been struck out, but the real, genuine, sustained comic farce has no existence. Where their mediocrity becomes deplorable is in the comedy of modern manners—the comedy of intrigue, in the imitations of French writers. Here they are beneath criticism. The principal resource, perhaps, of the dramatic theatre of Italy is translations of French pieces. It does not signify how old they are. The piece which cut its teeth in 1800 or 1810 is relished quite as much as if it had left the *Théâtre Dramatique* last week.

Molière is translated entire, and played sometimes. Instructed Italians, even, do not fear to compare him to the *immortal* Goldoni. Shakespeare is often played. He is translated literally scene by scene. Rossi, Salvini, and the eminent Modena, give "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear." These dramas, with all their Shakesperian details, with Hamlet

rolling on the stage, with the coffin of Ophelia let down into the grave, with Lear hollow-eyed and weeping, are greatly relished by the Italians. Rossi, in Hamlet, has fabulous success; Salvini succeeds best in Othello. You should hear him demanding Desdemona's handkerchief—*"Il fazzoletto! il fazzoletto!"* Except the "Cid," Corneille is seldom played; a German piece or adaptation is entirely out of question.

The insatiable passion of the Italians for spectacles, and the often excessive heat of summer, under a placid sky, have created in Italy the day theatres—*"I teatri diurni."* The day theatres have for the pit an arena. Around this sanded arena rise ranks of galleries, and even boxes; above the galleries, a vast opening to the sky. Moveable curtains are mounted on rods in case of rain; light and air are everywhere admitted: there are windows even on the stage. When it rains, the upper curtain, the *velarium* of canvas, is partly drawn, but water always falls into the pit, which the spectators avoid as they best can. These theatres are passable even in the most intense heat; people smoke in them, and the ladies experience no inconvenience from tobacco fumes. It is true that the ladies who go there are well seasoned to it. The diurnal theatre, which opens from six to nine o'clock in the evening, is the popular theatre *par excellence*. It is occupied in general by second-rate performers. The director of a diurnal theatre often exposes pictures by the side of his playbills. These pictures are supposed to represent the most brilliant scenes of the piece. One may see in these heaps of dead and dying, and blue, red, and yellow people enough to make one shudder. Each of these figures in canvas serve different ends. For the "Clotilde" of Frederic Soulié, and the "Dame aux Camélias," they expose the same ferocious gentlemen, with the same suffering, expiring women. These pictures produce great effect on the spectator, who is not satisfied until he witnesses in the interior of the theatre the reality of the marvels represented outside. The play-bills are curiosities, especially the announcement of French pieces; as, for instance, "Les Mousquetaires; production novissime et intéressissime de l'illustre Dumas; d'Artagnan, militaire courageux; Milady, femme intrigante et cruelle," &c.

Every important town has one or several of these diurnal theatres. Turin has four; Milan as many. One of the most notable in Rome is that with the famous boundary of the tomb of Augustus, between the Corso and the Tiber. Playgoers from France are delighted with the organisation of these diurnal theatres, so cool in the blaze of summer, and contrast them with the theatres of the Boulevard, which, at the same season, are abominations.

#### MISCELLANEA.

**THE "NINEVEH" REMAINS.**—It is stated that a French *savant* and traveller of reputation denies altogether that the remains discovered by Mr. Layard, and now in the British Museum, have anything to do with Nineveh. His proofs will be looked for.

**NETLEY ABBEY.**—Local papers say the restoration of Netley Abbey, on the banks of Southampton Water, is progressing. During the past week the workmen engaged in restoring the abbey discovered the grave and tombstone of one of the monks. According to the inscription on the stone the name was John Wade, and he died in 1431. An inscription has also been discovered at the base of one of the columns in the chapel, from which it appears that the abbey was built in the reign of Henry III.

**THE WINDOWS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.**—I saw with much pleasure your proposal respecting the filling of the windows of St. Paul's Cathedral with such stained glass, suggesting that the Corporation and Great City companies should take the lead in so desirable an undertaking. The proposition is "Good! very good!! excellently good!!! and it is much to be hoped that it may be acted upon. One thing is quite certain, that until the cathedral is relieved from that dreadful chalkpit effect produced by its present undecorated wall, and gaunt white windows, little can be done to give that solemn grandeur which ought to strike every one on entering the cathedral of the greatest and wealthiest city in the

world. Something is now being done to remedy the former of these evils, by gilding the four large arches of the dome; but all the gilding in the world cannot compensate for the want of the "dim religious light" which we are accustomed to look for in our cathedrals. A commencement, however, has been made in the right direction, by the presentation of a stained-glass window to be placed in the nave, which is being executed by Messrs. Clayton and Bell. And it is much to be hoped that not only the City companies and the Corporation of London, but also private individuals, will follow the good example; and that all who delight in the works of our great English architect will throw in their mite to bring to a happy conclusion that which Wren longed to see.—A RECTOR.—*Builder.*

**MEMORIALS OF BRUGES.**—In this ancient Flemish city the tourist may find a magnificent chimney-piece of wood, marble, and alabaster, of the Renaissance, in one of the halls of the court-house, or *palais de justice*. To admire this work the Parisians need not stir beyond the precincts of the Louvre, where there exists an exact reproduction, made by the French Government in 1838. This hall at Bruges is called "La Salle de Franc," the name of a canton near the town, formerly governed by a magistrate of great influence, and which became, after a lapse of time, the fourth member of the Flemish States. As long as the jurisdiction of the "Franc de Bruges" lasted, viz., until the French Revolution, this piece of sculpture remained almost unknown; and was subsequently saved from pillage by being taken to pieces, and hid in a garret of the palace of Philip the Good. Calm being established, the Government determined to restore the monument to its original condition, and they moreover succeeded in discovering the names of the statues. Tradition, according to local guides, gives those of Ymagier Holtzman and his daughter; but it is possible that it may be Haltuan, the device of Maximilian of Austria. According to the researches of M. de Honct, it was a trophy erected to the honour of Charles Quint, in memory of his victory of Padua, and the treaties of Madrid and Cambrai. In absence of the information as to the occasion of the monument being erected, owing to a painting lately found of Jacques Van Oost le Vieux, the authorities have been able to contemplate the representation of a solemn court of assembly of the Franc magistrates, wherein are depicted the decorative ensemble of the hall. This painting has served as a guide to the artists who were in 1844 appointed to restore the sculptured woods and marbles of the chimney-piece. One of the decorations of this saloon consisted in a tapestry which hung all round from the councillors' benches to the cornice where the paintings commenced. It was thought at first that these hangings were of gilt leather; but according to the archives of Bruges they were tapestry, "*de haute lisse.*" So this necessary complement to the decoration of the Franc of Bruges has at last been determined on; and only a few days ago the new tapestry has been placed. The ancient piece—whose designs have been skilfully put together from fragments found here and there, in cellars as well as in garrets—was made at Audenarde, celebrated at that time for this work. That which is to be seen at present comes from Ingelmunster, near Courtrai. To the Comte de Montblanc, baron of Ingelmunster, is due the happy idea of reviving this branch of art, so much cultivated formerly in Flanders, and of which the secret is now lost, in Audenarde. In carrying out this idea the noble Comte also comes out with a great and good work; for instead of making it a speculative transaction, he acts only with a view to employ the inhabitants of a commune where work is hard to be obtained for the suffering working-classes. From the hands of poor children who have been thus collected together, initiated into the elements of an art of which they were totally ignorant, and taught the art of design, &c., sprang forth the above work of tapestry—the work of the Flemish Gobelins. No particular subject is represented: it contains only a pattern of flowers interspersed by different animals; a charming border of wonderful effect completes the piece, and represents rows of Cupids astride on dolphins. Thus the assembly-room is now restored to the same decorative style as when the Franc council sat therein in the sixteenth century.

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